

A

Gifted

Mongoloid

Sophia Gant

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A GIFTED MONGOLOID.

**To tired and weary mothers of Mongoloids,
this book is fondly dedicated.**

**That I may publish with the voice of
thanksgiving, and tell of all thy wondrous
works.**

Psalm 26:7.

INTRODUCTION

Since ONE OF THOSE was published (Pageant Press, New York, 1957) many letters have been received commenting on the book. The following are excerpts from some of the letters. -

"Dear friend:

Mrs. ---- has asked me to write and ask you to please send her two more of your lovely books ONE OF THOSE as soon as possible. Dr. ---- of ---- hospital was in Toronto last week and he visited Mrs. ---- and she showed him your book. He was very pleased with it and wants a copy for himself and a friend."

"We were delighted to receive your splendid book a short while ago. We are reviewing it and hope that we can use the marvelous story in one of our ---- publications."

"I want you to know how much I enjoyed your book on how the Lord undertook for Peter. It has been a real blessing to me as I've read it for the first time this week. Your determination and perseverance by the help and grace of God are an example of what the Lord no doubt desires to see in all of us if we are to see miracles, the day of which is not past."

"We received the book, ONE OF THOSE, this morning. I praise the Lord for the definite and unexpected ways in which he guides his own. I read the book this afternoon. As I read it I had a great desire to see this book given to many people."

". old truths took new meaning. What a joy to know that he (Peter) loves the Lord. Here is the greatness of God in contrast with the weakness and often foolishness of men as revealed in the quotation in the book. What a joy to know of the almost limitless patience inspired by love, given to Mrs. Gant. That is where most of us would fail and fail early."

"Mr. ---- sent me a copy of your book, ONE OF THOSE. He had heard that we had a handicapped son, We read your book with interest but the fact is I was so interested in it that I read it at a single sitting. My wife then read it."

"I was also very impressed and interested by the clipping you attached of ONE OF THOSE. This particular subject of what God can do for those who are classified as being below intelligence level for any significant response to spiritual things, let alone life has been of concern to me. I have done a lot of thinking about it, a lot of studying of the scripture, and a lot of discussion with other christians. I must get hold of that particular book. It sounds as if you have had a very unusual experience with the Lord. It was encouraging just to read the clipping."

"I enjoyed reading the book very much because I have a child that is retarded."

"Did you know that ---- and ----'s son is one of those? ---- I had mentioned what marvels God wrought for you and Peter. She would like the book. Her burden is very hard to bear."

From a lady whom I met on the train one time before my book ONE OF THOSE was published. After, sent her the book.

"I am so thankful for the book Mrs. Gant. I've talked many times of Peter to all our church friends, so you and Peter are no strangers to them. You have done a wonderful thing in proving that these dear children can be helped to live a happy life as well as helping your own boy. You know I've thought many times since that, God is using him now. He was handing out tracts that day in the train and talking to so many people, and husbands and wives with them read those tracts. And you know usually at least ninety per cent of those people would have just thrown them away unread. And who knows how many were led to the Lord? A little child shall lead them. Thank God for his help and for mothers like you. I too am very sure that God will cure him completely in his own time. You know he can do so many things that the average boy cannot. He speaks good English, French, has a sense of humor, reads good books, loves and honors his parents, is loveable and sweet and is musical (had his violin with him on the train) how wonderful. And more than that knows our Lord and Saviour. Take any boy you know and how many of them can do or be half of these things? Not many."

"Have read ONE OF THOSE. How is Peter? Is he still doing his daily chores set him? His letters of contrition to you show he has a great depth of feeling. I do hope he may find some niche to fill in this workday world."

I continue to get letters and requests of where can they buy the book as they have a slow child or know someone who has, that they would like to help. Folks also suggest that I write another book on Peter.

CHAPTER 1

Reminiscing

Since writing ONE OF THOSE so many things have come to mind that I had forgotten of Peter's younger life that I thought it might be of interest to mothers of slow children and others in the development of their Mongoloid children to relate some of these things.

Please bear in mind that without God's help, I could have gotten nowhere. This verse from God's word has helped me over and over again. "And He said, the things that are impossible with men are possible with God." Luke 18:27. I cannot help but remind you that you will not get very far with these children without God's help. It just can't be done. It has to be supernatural. All you have to do is to believe in Jesus and ask God to do as He said. If you have not faith, ask God to give you the faith of the son of God, and He will do for you what He has done for me.

Years ago when I rang up the school here for retarded children and asked if they could help Peter with his grade four arithmetic, the principal replied, "Oh dear me no, we never expect to get them above grade three." So you see we must have help from above to get them any distance in school work. I can truly say that Peter has got a knowledge far above the ordinary retarded child. As I said in ONE OF THOSE, "The entrance of thy word giveth light." Psalm 119:130.

As for me, I am truly glad for having had the experience of bringing up a slow boy. I was driven to God's word so much. The Bible not only teaches us to be saved to get to heaven, but it tells us of his healing power too. And as well, comfort and relief in every circumstance of life. "It is good for me that I have been afflicted that I might learn thy statutes." Psalm 119:11.

Now for the odd little bits of his early life. When he was tiny and we would come home from a meeting or visiting friends all tired out, I found the quickest way to get Peter to bed in good humor was to tell him that if he would hurry to bed and finish his prayer and Bible verse, I would bring him up a bite on a tray. That always tickled him. I'd fix up a pretty tray with milk, sandwiches and chocolate cake and he'd be in bed and asleep far faster than if he waited downstairs for eats. You know how it is with children after eating downstairs (when they have been out) they poke around and argue and become unreasonable and go to bed with tears and all of us unhappy. Just the promise of nice food on a tray solves a lot of problems. As soon as he had eaten, he'd place the tray on the floor by his bed and fall asleep quickly. It works with normal children too.

As soon as Peter could be trusted out alone, I always sent him up the street to meet his dad coming home from work on the street car. Sometimes his dad would transfer to a bus which brought him a little closer home. The bus only ran every half hour so it was not always convenient to take it but when he did, then Peter would stand at the top of the street for ever so long instead of coming home after a few street cars went by. Sometimes his dad would go back up there and he would be standing dutifully watching every street car that went by. Of course we had to incessantly tell him that after waiting three or four street cars, to come back in case his dad caught the little bus. We thought it was good practice for him to go up the street and meet his dad. We could trust him to stay there at least and not wander off and get lost.

One of his quips about eleven years of age, Peter how long does a horse live? (I taught him about horses in grade five.) His reply without a moment's thought was, "From birth to death."

I remember when Peter used to do all his reading out loud, how worried I was in case he could never read mentally. When people heard him read, of course they would say, "But do you think he knows what he is reading?" Don't worry about no encouragement mothers. One gets it all along the line. Mind you I think reading out loud so many years helped him to pronounce his words more clearly. Anyway now, after reading mentally, he is always telling me about the things that were interesting.

You know how all children like a parade? Well Peter was no exception in his young days. As early as four or five, one of the delights of his heart was to watch a parade. If I did not have a tight grip of his hand, he would trot along after the tail end of it imitating the men on the march. He was an odd spectacle because his eyes were so starey. Even yet he loves watching a parade. He got away once and was doing what he thought was exactly like the men ahead of him. But my embarrassment was when he got out of the crowd on the side where everybody could see him. "Oh dear me, they will all know he is a Mongoloid." You know how you feel mothers! I tell you I got him back fast and we were soon swallowed up in the crowd for which I breathed a sigh of relief.

At those times how I used to think of this one and that one and wonder why they were so fortunate with having normal children and having lots of time to do what they liked. I remember one lady in particular whose husband went away to work early in the morning and her two sons at school. She had all day to do her work or to loiter. She could visit and shop while I had to stay home and teach my retarded boy. We were both christians, why? The Lord showed me that self pity was a sin but our minds will question at times.

But listen! This woman now is seventy-five years old. Her husband has a heart condition and some years ago he had an operation and the trouble has not healed. That with depression makes him a great care for his wife. She was being prepared back there for the heavy burden that she now has. She never complains but I can see that it is a heavy load. She needed those easy years back there to store up reserve energy for now. And to think I wondered why.

One time I was having a tea for my friends and neighbors before Peter went to school. A thing happened proving that children, even retarded children like a sameness about the house and the arrangement of the furniture. I was expecting about thirty ladies. I had arranged all the chairs (a few extra ones as well) close together so that each one could find a place to sit without trouble. I ran upstairs to put the finishing touches to my toilet and down again. I was gone about five minutes. To my dismay, the little tike had put all the chairs back where they belonged which not being close together would have been awkward for the ladies to chat and enjoy themselves. He thought he was doing a kindness. I had to arrange them back in a hurry believe me, scolding him at the same time.

Another time at the same age, I was teaching him a recitation. I walked across the room to the supposedly platform. I caught my foot on the rug and fell. I hurriedly got up and went over to the spot and on with the recitation. I then told him to do the same. He walked to the rug where I had fallen, falling precisely in the same place

and got up and went over to the spot and on with the recitation. For months after that when I would tell him to say the recitation for company, nothing would move him from doing that tumble when he got to the certain spot on the rug on his way to the place to recite. That was where his mental deficiency showed up.

At about eight years (looked four or five), Peter and I were at the toy section of a department store looking at the demonstration of toy trains in motion. A young mother who was standing close to us said to her little boy who was cutting up, "Keep still and behave yourself. See this little boy (my Peter) how good he is." "Her boy was about four. She did not see Peter's face. Of course we mothers of slow children are always thinking, "I hope they don't notice. I hope they don't notice." It makes us feel so happy if others think he is just an ordinary child. How we long to shelter and cover up so as they won't be stared at.

The Santa Claus parade was and still is a big event in his life. The older children took him to see it when he was quite small. Then when they got away from home, my husband or I had to take him.

When he became fifteen (looked like a boy of eleven), we told him he had to go by himself. All kinds of big people go to the Santa Claus parade here. So he goes even yet and doesn't look out of place. He does enjoy seeing the floats, the bright colors, the clowns, make believe animals, majorettes, the band and old Santa himself.

What a time we had to convince him as he got older that there was no Santa Claus and that it was just make believe. The only way to put it across was to make him put the presents on the tree and fill the stockings the night before Christmas. He hated to not believe it. Even yet he thoroughly enjoys seeing little children tell Santa Claus what they want for Christmas in the big departmental stores. Now he writes on all the presents, - To mom from Peter with love or to momalade from Pete and to Pete from mom etc. The older children were ready to believe when we told them there was no Santa. They'd even remark dryly, "We thought it was dad." Peter fools with his dad quite a lot. This was in his dad's drawer last Christmas eve, -

Dear Santa Claus

How are you feeling to-day?

I've been a good boy and helped my parents lots.

Jingle Bells.

X.O.

I know there are lots of christians who do not believe in telling their children about Santa Claus. But I cannot help but think of what the late Doctor Shields said and that was, there was no harm in the children believing in Father Christmas. It gave them such enjoyment. And I say while they are in the make believe stage, tell them he is a kind old make believe man that loves to give children presents at Christmas time. My mother always said (after we got away from the make believe stage) Aunt Maggie was Santa for that cup and saucer, Aunt Emma was Santa Claus for that ring," and so on from all the relations.

Peter was a little mischief at times. One day an old friend came to the door and Peter answered it. He left her at the door and came out to the kitchen and said, "The monkey is at the door." The queer part of it was I knew exactly whom he meant. Her lower lip did protrude and she was plain but a lovely friend. A heart of

pure gold. I was so thankful that she stood at the door and waited for me to ask her to come in. I was so glad that she did not hear what he said for I would not have her insulted for anything. On the other hand it was a natural boy's remark. I smiled to myself as I thought, "He was not so dumb."

As a small child Peter was very fond of lemon pie and when we would be out for dinner and he was asked, "Raisin or apple pie Peter," his answer was, "Lemon please!" Of course that brought a laugh around the table. Poor little dumb boy was not so dumb.

Not so long ago when we would be travelling here and there by car, we would run up against a sign, "SLOW" and underneath, "SCHOOL." We had such fun pretending that that certain school was for slow children. We'd say, "Watch out Peter, here is a slow school and they want all the boys they can get," or words to that effect. Or he would say himself, "Oh here is another slow school; drive fast so that I will not be drawn in." He knew right well the sign meant to drive slowly because of the school children in the vicinity. We all made a game of his handicap.

One thing I never encouraged him to do when he was small and that was looking at the Comics. And then when he had to be coaxed to read books, it was no bother to have this prohibited. Now he says, "What bad grammer in those funnies." Once when we were visiting his aunt in the east, I told him to read Black Beauty, while he was waiting for us to get up in the morning. He replied, "That's where I yawn." He did not want to do anything that was a bother. He did not like reading in those early years as a past time but he loves it now. So you see mothers you must persevere and you will be recompensed.

You know sometimes when Peter was a little boy, he was exactly like Peck's bad boy in the story book. Often when company came (in the winter especially) he would sneak upstairs and take the lady's hat and overbloomers and hide them. Then when they were getting ready to go home, there would be one awful hunt. We'd realize after awhile that he had hidden them. By this time he'd be in bed fast asleep. We'd shake him out of his sleep shouting in his ear, "Where did you put Mrs. ----s hat and bloomers?" Half asleep he would answer drowsily, "At the back of the shelf in the wardrobe," or some such place.

Sometimes when he got to bed a bit late, he could not resist the impulse to play a trick on his dad. The same thing again----we would look all over the place for his dad's nightgown and then at last tumble to what had happened. When we'd approach him in his room, he'd be giggling under the bed clothes. It was not a bit funny to us at the time. "You bad boy, where did you put your dad's nightgown? No fooling this time of night. ANSWER!" Pretending he was very sleepy, he would drawl, "I put it in the back of the wardrobe in the big room on the third floor." Would you believe that? The rascal!

But the worst one of all was when his sister-in-law was here one afternoon. She had 'phoned for a taxi to take her home and then she could not find her purse. The taxi arrived and started to toot his horn. Peter sat so innocently looking on the chesterfield while my daughter-in-law and I hunted upstairs, downstairs and the back shed. I remember saying to her, "Are you sure you brought a purse?" She was positive she had. "Well" said I, "If we can't find it in a sensible place we'll have to look under and behind things." And there Peter sat with a face of abject unconcern. I pulled out the chesterfield and there it was. At last I caught

on and inquired of the culprit, "Did you put that purse behind there?" With shocking indifference, he replied in the affirmative. Well I gave him a good whipping that time. Dorothy (my daughter-in-law) pleaded with tears, "Don't hit him mother, look at the fun he had when we were madly searching through the house." She was not worried about the taxi waiting nearly as much as I was. I felt though, he deserved to be punished and that he just carried that joke of hiding things too far. "Foolishness is bound in the heart of a child but the rod of correction shall drive it far from him." Proverbs 22:15. We laugh now as we look back.

For What It Is Worth. No Extra Charge.

You know I have never allowed my children to use slang. I tell them it is poverty of vocabulary. Now if you please Peter doesn't like my calling children kids because he says kids are baby goats. I say O.K. Peter I'll try to remember. For heavens sake, good gracious, as sure as guns, oh boy are all slang and I prefer not to use them and if I forget Peter gently rebukes me and I say, THANK YOU PETER!

The last while Peter will say, "If we're here mother." If I say, the rolled oats are out, the eggs are on the stove ready for you to start breakfast in the morning, his reply is, "if we are here mother." We'll go up town tomorrow I think, "if we are here mother." Listen, he's right, the Lord may come any time in the clouds and take all his believing ones up to be with Him forever. Yes indeed, if we are here, if we are here.

Here's a queer thing Peter asked me the other day. What will our voices be like in heaven, men's or women's? Well I never thought of that. I could not answer. We are neither male nor female but like the angles of God. What will our voices sound like? Who knows Peter?

Peter is very fond of picnics. He takes after his parents. We were the first on our street to have a picnic in the spring and the last on our street to have a picnic in the fall. We found lovely odd days in October to go on a picnic. Picnics depend on the weather.* Sunshiny and not too hot. We watch the sky at night when planning for a picnic.

"Evening red and morning gray
Helps the traveller on his way.
Evening gray and morning red
Brings the rain on the traveller's head."

CHAPTER 2

Still Remembering

Peter had a little dog named Judy. It followed him all over the place. For ten years he had the companionship of his little dog which was part spaniel and part collie. The joy it gave him was marvelous.

One time we were out for a walk, and going along by the river the dog leaned too far over the edge of the bank and fell into the water, a drop of about ten feet. She hung on to a fallen tree trunk and no matter what we did, we could not assist her. She yelped and yelped with a face so forlorn that we wept. Peter knelt down and prayed that somehow God would get his dog out. After coming home (a half hour's walk) we 'phoned the police and they said they would go and do their best to get her out. But, they warned me that after half an hour, the dog was probably drowned. The police went down to the place, then 'phoned back and said there was no sign of the dog also that I should have 'phoned before I left the spot.

Well, the next morning, I glanced out of the window as I was getting dressed and here was Peter's dog sitting on a neighbor's step. They had often given her a bone and she probably went over there because she could not wake us here so early in the morning. We called her from the front door and that day she had the run of the place. She was so clean after that long stay in the river. Her black curly fur just shone. She was allowed in the sitting room and the dining room. What a treat for her. Other days she was not allowed out of the kitchen. All rules were taboo that day. Peter said he knew God would answer prayer. He hugged her lots.

I 'phoned the police again and they were surprised and said she must have swum down the river to where it was low and shallow and got out. She knew her way back alright. Peter has not forgotten his dog Judy.

Even mongoloid children need a dog for companionship. Often when he went to the playground, I'd watch him from the kitchen window. The dog would be at the foot of the steps of the slide as Peter crawled up. Then as he slid down, the dog would dash to the foot of the slide and would be there to escort him to the foot of the steps to do it over. Then after awhile, home they would come to-gether tuckered out.

After Judy was put to sleep, Peter got another dog named Jason. But, while he was fine with Peter, he'd bite others and cause us so much trouble that we had to send him back to the farm.

Listen to this! One Friday afternoon after all the children had left the school and it was dead quiet at the front entrance, Peter (around seven or eight) evidently went in to look around. He was supposedly out playing till his dad came home from work. Later the janitor^{who} had locked up but for some unknown reason he went back into the school and in the twilight he met Mr. Peter coming towards the door. Now if he had not gone back into the school, you could imagine the consternation there would have been, for we never thought of his going into the school so late in the day. He had sneaked in previously in the day time and was told to keep out. He probably would have been there for the week-end and may have died of fright. Anyway God saw to it that he got out and home. The janitor told us this one later.

In the summer before the holidays, Peter would take his volley ball to the school yard and always end up with kicking it on top of the flat roof of the auditorium. At first, my husband went with him to the janitor and he would get a ladder and get it down. At times Peter would go to the janitor himself about it. One day he came home without the ball. We asked him where it was and he replied, "It is on the roof and the janitor says he will not get it again." So we waited a couple of days, then his dad went with him to get it and Peter promised the janitor that he would not do it again. We found out that he did it on purpose but that was the last because his dad had it out with him.

From a small child Peter never liked to be disturbed from what he was doing to run an errand. If he were reading or practising he wanted to finish the job. One day I called him from his practice and told him to hurry out and help a lady in with some parcels. He did not pretend to move. So I gently pushed him to the door and told him to hustle (and in no uncertain terms). With that he gave the door one awful slam as he went out and smashed the plate glass the size of which was four by three feet. My ire was up. I gave him a good scolding and said there would be no supper for him that night. It cost us twenty dollars to replace the glass and then it was not nearly as thick as the other one.

My daughter who was home on furlough from Africa sneaked a plate of supper to him. And my son-in-law gave him a watch that he did not need. My! My! I did not let on that I knew this but I was glad about the supper being given him. The same bang may not have smashed the glass and then my punishment would not have been so drastic. Quite likely the putty was off. Later to make amends, he came downstairs with his face, hands, neck and teeth cleaner than I had seen them for a long time. He knew to be spotlessly clean would mollify me. So, we made it up and he promised not to lose his temper again.

Another time the winter before, Peter banged his head against the storm window of a grocery store near here while looking in at the tempting things inside. It was a very frosty day and the stiff peak of his cap barely touched the window and crack it went. He was really scared and ran for home but the owner called him back and got his name. Then he 'phoned our house and that cost us seven dollars. Peter told us all about it when he got back. That awful fear came over us, "Is this what is always going to happen when he goes out because of his condition?" Then I remembered the boy next door deliberately smashing the school windows and his folks always paying out money for him. I'd console myself that it was just an ordinary accident and that he would grow out of it. That old feeling of fear in case the authorities would say, "That boy should not be allowed out." And I'd pray, "Oh Lord don't let him do anything that will cause trouble so that he'll not always have to be kept in." And God always took care of things and showed me that accidents like that could happen to any child with all his wits. And as far as the mischief was concerned, my other boys were just as terrific and worse. Aren't we mothers always on the defensive for the one with the handicap? How our hearts yearn for their safe keeping.

Here is a good one from one who is supposed to notice nothing. When Peter was a tiny little fellow (in church one Sunday) he listened attentively and patiently to the soprano soloist until the very last high note was finished with what seemed to be a real effort. Because as she drew in her breath and sat down, he clapped his hands and squealed at the top of his voice, "WHEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE", as if to say, "She made it." I would have liked to have fallen through the floor. Our family sat

five rows from the front in those days. .

As a small child people would stare at him unmercifully and Peter would invariably ask, "Why are they staring at me mommy?" And I could not refrain from answering, "Because they do not know any better." My husband would sometimes stare back and when they caught his eye, their eyes would fall with embarrassment. But as I said in ONE OF THOSE, one must cultivate an unseeing eye and an unhearing ear and then there is no bad feeling.

You know Peter has always been very fond of meat ever since he was a tiny youngster. One time when I had company, I decided that he and his older brother and sister would eat in the kitchen. When his brother George was not looking, Peter swiped his meat and so as he would not be caught, swallowed it whole and began to choke. I heard the commotion in the kitchen and rushing out (closing the door behind me) found Peter black in the face. So the company would not hear, they whispered what he had done. I had to act quickly. Praying silently, I took him by the feet and held him upside down and PLOP the chunk of meat fell to the floor. I saw my own father do that once when I was a child. I quietly went back to the dining room and resumed my place and the company weren't any the wiser. A normal child could do that very thing to get what he wanted. Queer, how close they are and yet how far apart.

As a little boy, I never caught him in a lie. One time there was a hole in the buns that I had left rising on the kitchen table. When I noticed it, he was with the company in the front room. So I took a pan of the buns in and asked, "Who did this?" With a very scared voice Peter peeped out with, "I think I did." He did not want to say, "I did," outright in case he would be slapped. And he did not want to say, "I did not," because he knew I would find him out. So his answer was a safe one, so he thought.

Another time on the way home from a GOOD NEWS CLUB to which he went weekly, I asked him why he was wet to the hips. No answer. "Did you walk in the ditch on the way home? DID YOU?" In a tiny small scared voice, he replied, "I think I did." I could not punish him that time as I had not forgotten how my other children loved playing in the forbidden water.

When Peter was at the stage of throwing and breaking everything, (under five) I wrote the following poem with the thought that when God healed him and he looked back, he would realize how we loved him, handicap and all.

Little Mind.

Remember mommy loves you
No matter where you go.
When you're bad or sad or glad
I'll always love you so.

It's you I love my darling,
Not what you say or do
Smash your toys or break a dish
It's you I love, it's you.

You know what has been taught you
To give to Him your heart,

No matter how things go awry
Just make another start.

Think of all the verses
You've memorized for me,
God will bless them for your good
Just wait awhile and see.

When you go to bed at night,
Don't forget to pray.
Kneel down beside your little bed
He'll lead in what to say.

Years and years from now my son
When I am here no more,
Keep looking up to Jesus
And join me on that Shore.

As I finished typing this to-day, I said to Peter, "Read this, I wrote it when you were a wee boy." He had no sooner begun to read when the tears began to flow. When he finished, he put his arms around my neck and cried, "Mother! Mother!"

When Peter was in grade six, his writing was very good (so I thought) for a retarded boy. In fact there was character in his writing. He made his small (e's) like a written capital (e). I thought it looked different, so I allowed him to keep it up. As he got older, like most boys, he got careless and wrote the (e) on its side and looked like a written (w). Then I insisted that he revert to a proper small 'e'. The following is a sample of his writing in ink in grade six. (notice the queer (e's),-

The earth is the lords, and the fulness thereof
world, and they that dwell therein.
For he hath founded it upon the seas, and
established it upon the floods.
Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord
or who shall stand in his holy place.
He that hath clean hands, and a pure

Of late, Peter has been copying two or three paragraphs a day from books on our book shelves and his writing is getting good again for which I am glad.

When Peter was around fifteen, a friend of ours offered to pay for an X-ray of his head. So an X-ray was taken. We had been told that it would not show anything

wrong, but she insisted. On it there was nothing to show that he was not normal. The doctor said that the liquid could be drained off the brain and another X-ray taken but it would be extremely painful and he doubted if it would show any more, also considered it would not help any but it was up to us. Just what they all said -- Medical Science could do nothing for these children. Oh I am so glad that we took it to the Lord in prayer.

I would just like to say for the sake of those who are teaching these slow children. I taught Peter the phonics first and not the alphabet as it says in One Of Those. The publishers put alphabet but it was my fault as I omitted to correct the error in the galley proof. I did not notice it until it was published. In those early days we took all the small words that could be sounded out (after he learned the phonics of course). It was such a joy to him to get all the three lettered words like fox, box, men, hen, rat, cat, bat and hundreds of others. Teach the phonics first say I. There are many big words that can be sounded out too.

There were times (when I drove him to the breaking point as I insisted that he would finish the prescribed amount for the day) that he'd look so angry and pull an ugly face that made one think of a gorilla. Then I knew enough to stop pushing him for the time being. I would run quickly and get the kitchen mirror and tell him to look at himself saying at the same time, "Do you want to look like that?" And immediately he would smile and be his old self again. Yes, I used to wonder sometimes just what he might do if I insisted in carrying on too long. Those were the times when I would get in a corner and call to God for help and God never let me down. In an agony I would cry, "Lord I must have help and I must have it now. In Jesus name." God lifted the burden on the spot.

I remember long ago coming home from town and meeting (on our street) a lady who knew us casually. After asking how we all were including Peter she continued, "I bet you often have a good cry." I answered, "Indeed I do."

On one occasion I remember substituting in the Beginner's department of the Sunday School in the summer when so many of the teachers are away on holiday. As I stood in front of the few children out that Sunday including Peter, I asked, "How many children are here to-day?" One little girl four years stood up, turned around and counted." ONE TWO THREE FOUR FIVE SIX SEVEN and sat down. My poor Peter (about seven) sat crosslegged on his chair (he comprehends pas) with just a wild scared look. That's when one goes home and has a good cry.

On another occasion, sweeping the verandah (over twelve) in winter when the hoar frost covered the screen, Peter's curiosity got the better of him; so he just pushed the handle of the broom through the brittle screen in four or five places. It had just been put on the previous summer. With distraction, I cried, "Will you ever learn what is valuable and what is not, what is right and what is wrong?" He was most awkward in those days handling a broom. But now he can sweep any old place with dexterity and of course never would he push a hole through the screen again.

We have broken him of making blood curdling noises when he gets hurt. For instance we tell him to yell, "OUCH OUCH" very loudly. Again and again, we have made him screech those two interjections so that when he does get a bump or hurt himself, they will automatically be uttered. Then he will not sound like an abnormal fellow. These children panic easily.

Well mothers, long ago the Lord gave me this verse, "Above all things take the shield of faith where with ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked." Ephesians 6:16. Keep on believing in the face of defeat. I have found when these retarded children are tired out, they have a tendency to revert back and look and act as if nothing has been accomplished. That's when we have to remember it's the fiery darts of the wicked. The enemy of our souls is ever trying to upset us and cause us not to have the shield of faith. We must keep believing and believing and trust God for complete healing and God can't help but answer. When I have asked the Lord, "Is Peter ever going to be right," The Lord has given me the following verse, "Hitherto have ye asked nothing in my name: ask and ye shall receive that your joy may be full." John 16:24. "It is such a long wait," you say. True but it is not God's fault. Mothers let us ask God to increase our faith.

A little prayer, Peter always used to say when he was very small was, "Oh Lord make me natural, normal, healthy and happy for Jesus." A little alliteration helped him to remember it. . And God certainly has answered that prayer. God answers all prayers. He may say yes, He may say no and He may say wait. "Hearken now unto my voice, I will give thee counsel and God shall be with thee." Exodus 18:19A. Isn't that a rich promise? God's delays are not denials.

I met a lady one day in the park when Peter was ten and her boy (Mongoloid) who was with her was then fourteen. She never expected him to be any different but she said he was a great help to her around the house. She also said that when she and her husband got old, he would be a great help to them. Then she referred to his hands and intimated that they were never clean. I looked at Peter's hands and they were spotless. Of course at that time I always washed him. But I must admit that I have to tell him lots of times now to wash his hands over and over again. (It goes with the handicap). Perhaps the mother of this child did not insist that he wash his hands over and over again. I know he was not taught to read and write. Poor boy, what a lot he will miss.

Years ago when we were studying Disraeli for literature in the grade he was supposed to take it, I asked Peter when we were finished what he remembered about the play. He replied, "Mrs. Disraeli hurt her finger when she was getting out of the cab on the way to hear her husband speak. Found in DISRAELI near the beginning of Act III ---"Do you know what this foolish woman did a little while ago? She drove to the house of Commons with me one night when I had to take a very important speech. The footman slammed the carriage door and crushed her finger in it---" I'm sure Peter found the play dry at the time.

Back in the days of the street cars, a friend of ours who was a motorman told us that one Sunday when Peter was on his way to Sunday school, he told him (the motor man) to keep moving as he was stalling a lot. The point was the motorman was ahead of time and so took a little longer than usual at different points to kill time. When Peter's patience was exhausted, at a certain stop he went up to the motorman, tapped him on the shoulder saying at the same time, "Keep going or I'll be late for Sunday school." Peter did not know the man but the man knew Peter. The next time the car stood still, Peter again went to him and expostulated, "If you don't go, I'll drive the car." "O.K." said the motorman, "Drive it." So he did and our friend told us that he managed it perfectly. Peter had a habit of always sitting near the motorman so had taken in just what to do. He got there on time. Wasn't that amusing?

A note of long ago after I had said he could not go up town because of some misdemeanor:

Dear mom:

I'm sorry that I hurt you and made you work. Don't be upset. I still want to go. See my actions now.

Love

Peter.

About the same time:

Dear mom:

My sins are all forgiven and satan vexes me no more. Those that weep shall reap in joy. I share your weeping and that's what the Bible says. Weep with those that weep such as you. So I wept when you wept alone. Drop the burden at our Lord's feet. He'll carry it and you'll feel better. Do it now with renewing strength from above.



(supposed to be tears)

God bless him. What would I do without him? No son could love his mother more than Peter loves me.

Years ago when Peter's great uncle Arthur stayed here, Peter would tease him at times by undoing his shoes. He thought it was fun to see the old gentleman having a time to stoop and do them up. The dear old man never told me about this but one day I walked into the room just as the young imp was hurriedly undoing the shoes. Believe me I admonished him properly at the same time asking uncle why he did not inform on him. He said that he was such a rascal himself when he was young that he could not do that. Retarded boys like to tease the same as other boys and as he very seldom had the chance to get the upper hand, he took it out on his great uncle.

I should have mentioned in ONE OF THOSE that four months before Peter was born, our car with three of the family went to the ditch. For a long time I thought that was the reason Peter was retarded because I suffered abdominal pains and bruises. But when I looked around and saw so many other retarded children like him then I knew that every mother did not have an accident during pregnancy so that idea was out.

Well to go on with Peter's little ideas and ways. I can still remember him as a small child saying, "I want a magnet." He still has it and he found out himself what it would do. Later on when we were asking him what he would like for Christmas, out of the blue, he exclaimed. "I want an ornament." We asked him what did he mean by an ornament. He informed us that he wanted something pretty to sit on his shelf in his room. I got him a tiny porcelain angel sitting on the moon with a wand in its hand. His dad got him a porcelain armchair with a sad looking wee

poodle playing the violin. It was a take off on Peter doing his violin practice. He saw the joke and loved the little ornament. Another time he asked for a tool. We got him a pair of pliers which landed eventually in his dad's tool box. We were so glad that he was interested enough in life to want something.

Back in those early years, we had a friend by the name of Mrs. York. When she came to our house, Peter would always say, "Helo Mrs. Yorkshire pudding. She laughed and thought it was cute. If he had been an ordinary child, it would have been counted saucy.

The only year that he went to public school, young as he was, he always called a little girl Rose beef (roast beef). Her name was Rose. So he always was a tease right from the beginning.

When Peter was in his teens, on one of our trips (to New Orleans) near Christmas time, on Canal Street we saw many times a sign which read, "Noel sans mort," a warning placed on wrecked cars hoisted high on flat bodied trucks. This impressed Peter very much and he translated as he read, "Christmas without death." It made me glad that the lad knew a bit of French and got the significance of it. Tremblingly, he said, "Let's be careful everybody." There were others with us and this echoed in all our hearts. Yes indeed!

Before the above when we were down in California, his aunt would say, "I wish my boy had a lovely skin like Peter's. Of course Peter had a bath every day until he got quite big, and he looked it. Often people would say, "You dress him so well and he is so spotlessly clean." A good habit that I hope will always stick to him.

When Peter was in grade seven, we joined the library (the two of us). He thoroughly enjoyed the books but we found that he had to neglect his school work to get them read so we had to drop the library books. I would have liked to have gotten books regularly at the library but with getting through his grades took all my time. Sometimes I got tired and felt, "Is it worth all this work day after day?" Then after looking up for strength I had to adapt myself to these adverse circumstances and go bravely on. Now I am glad I did. With all my work though, regarding mathematics, he has not a clue.

Many years ago I taught Peter how to fill the match box. I thought if he had this experience, he would not want to play with matches. One thing he would persist in doing and that was to pack them in too tightly. I used to tell him again and again not to do this as they might catch fire rubbing one against the other. I was always in the kitchen when he filled the box. This certain day, again he filled it too full and POOF the whole thing was ablaze. He burnt his fingers but in a split second, I quickly grabbed the match box and threw it into the sink, with the admonition, "Did I not tell you repeatedly that you were filling the holder too full?" These children cannot see trouble till it is upon them. It is a good thing that I was right there or we would not be here to tell the tale.
N.B. Watch for lighted match trouble later on.

When Peter was around fifteen, I got him skis, poles shoes and all. He'd tie on the skis and we'd walk to the park a quarter of a mile away. I'd make him climb up the hill near the river sideways. Then I'd shout, "Turn and slide down." When he came very close to the river, I'd call, "FALL! FALL!" I did not want him to slide to the river as there might have been a spongy bit of ice. After sliding down

through the snow ten times, we'd call it quits and walk home or I should say drag home. He has not had his skis on for a long while.

(Years later, gave them away).

Oh I forgot to mention that when Peter was tiny, he had a habit (as I said in ONE OF THOSE) of leaving his bed and going to some other room and crawling in with whoever was there. Sometimes he would come to our bed and his dad would make room for him and cover him up. We knew this had to be stopped so we decided to give him a doll dressed like a boy thinking it would give him a sense of security. My daughter knitted a sweater for it and made long trousers with shoulder straps. We named him Danny Boy. He took that doll to bed for years. We had to patch and mend it lots as it cracked and got worn with time.

After Peter was twelve or thirteen, we decided to get rid of it. Well, every night for ever so long, he would say, I wish I had Danny Boy. Then we would explain that big boys didn't take dolls to bed. "But he isn't a doll, he's Danny Boy," he brokenly remonstrated. Of course Peter looked and acted eight years at that time so maybe it was not so terrible for him to still want his Danny Boy. I felt so sorry for him I almost yielded to his sad cry. Anyway after long months he went to his bed and slept through without his companion Danny Boy.

CHAPTER 3

Peter Votes, Etcetera.

When Peter became twenty-one we decided (his father and I) that he should vote and take a vital interest in the affairs of his country. Now I don't know much about politics. I have not studied the subject as I always vote the way my husband does. We thought Peter could do as well as that. With this in mind, when the numerator called, I said in reply to her asking what he did, "What shall I say? He doesn't work and I don't want you to write 'retarded'". She said, "I'll put him down as a student. A boy that practices music for three hours in the morning and pours over his books all afternoon should certainly go down as a student. So student it was.

For at least a month before he was to vote, we talked to him about the ballot and showed him how to mark it. The first time he voted, it was only one person for whom to vote. I could hear him in the cubicle whispering to himself the name of the candidate (probably glancing down the list to find the right name) so he could put his (X) beside it. No one else heard him not even my husband. I was supposedly looking out of the window but listening a few feet away with a keen ear and praying that he would vote correctly and not make a fool of himself. He gave his ballot to the scrutineer with a nonchalant look as if he were an old hand at the game. When he came home, he told us exactly what he did and I know he made no blunders. Since then it has been easy.

To think a Mongoloid (that was) could vote. One day when he was riding in the bus after a voting incident, he was talking (talks too much) to a policeman. The policeman asked, "What are you?" He replied, "I am a conservative, a Canadian, and a gentile. The policeman smiled broadly.

The year Peter became twenty-one, a second hand girl's bike was given him by a

Hebrew missionary to the Jews in our city. To our astonishment, he learned to ride by practising on the back lawn where falling off did not hurt him. So cheer up mothers, they can accomplish things after they are twenty-one that they cannot do in their teens. That awful despair of not being able to ride a bike was over. Now he can ride and be quite venturesome. The next year a Jewish lad (drives a car now) down the street gave him his old bike. It took a little while to learn to throw his leg over the bar. Now if one bike isn't working the other is.

A peculiar thing happened just the other day. He was having his morning bike ride when the sirens began to blow. They are supposed to practise once in a while for the good of us all or something. We had talked plenty as to what to do if we were ever in danger of being bombed. Of course he was miles away from home when he heard the noise. So he thought the best thing to do was to hit for home and ride his fastest. When he came in puffing with perspiration streaming down his face I asked him why he was back so early. In great agitation, he replied, "Oh I was scared. I thought the target was on the bike and me."

I say at times when he comes back from his bike ride, "Are you sure you ride on the right side of the street?"

"Of course."

"Do you obey the lights?"

"Of course mom."

You see that old feeling keeps coming to the fore, "He was born a Mongoloid you know." Then I quench it and say, "Even at that a Mongoloid born lad can learn to ride a bike and keep the rules as well as any one else." Thank God!

Today when he was riding his bike a dog ran after him and bit him on the leg. He came home quickly, washed the place with soap and jumped on his bike and back to the house where the dog stayed. He knocked at the door and inquired if the dog had rabies. Showing the lady the mark on his leg he continued, "See where he bit me!" The lady said she did not think that the dog had rabies and that she was sorry the dog bit him. He felt he did the right thing and came home. I was upstairs when he came home the first time so knew nothing about it. He'll get through even with a Mongoloid background.

Just the same mothers you know the feeling of relief when your teenager comes home safely from a long bike ride on the city streets. With me although Peter is over twenty, that same feeling of relief comes over me. "Thank God, he's back alive." I love him so, my dear handicapped Peter.

Peter keeps his bedroom very tidy. He makes his bed without being told every morning. There are times especially when it comes to the end of the week that the covers are a bit awry. I used to give him a nickel a week for keeping his room straight. Not now. I peep into his top bureau drawer and here are his handkerchiefs all piled neatly in one corner next to the bow ties. The other corner is his cash box, tithe box, diaries (one a five year one) and his snaps. The same with his book case and his table with his records on etcetera. There is never a muddle in his room. His slippers are always together; not one in one corner and the other in another. The top of his bureau is in perfect order. I have to confess I wash his comb and brush periodically. He could do it if I insisted. I don't think many men do. The same with the clothes brush and whisk. Mothers always wash them. Maybe I'm wrong. You let me know if I am. Thanks.

Peter takes very good shots with his camera. The background is nearly always good now that he has gotten on to it. He shows his snaps to his friends (with great pride) when they are visiting us. He usually takes one film a month. That's all he can afford.

One time his father got a couple of films on sale so he got Peter to pay for them. Well Peter had planned to buy his own film as usual, so he went up and bought a film from the drug store. "Why did you do that when you had two?" queried his dad. "I did not think." You see he had in his mind he was going to buy a film at the drug store at a certain time and he bought it. He realized after how short of cash it ran him, but he continued good naturedly, "I can easily use up three films." His camera is a great joy to him.

CHAPTER 4

Earnest Purpose

Peter still continues with his practice on his four instruments. To hear him practising Souvenir, Largo, Adagio and The Lords Prayer this morning on his violin would do any mother of a hundred percenter good not to say what it does for me. At my age my fingers have quite a strain to get those accompaniments. I should practise more. I need far more hours in the day.

As I said before, everything that Peter has accomplished has come in answer to prayer. He wanted to do something tangible for the Lord so we felt led of the Lord to purchase a portable electric organ. So that it will be really his, he is paying his dad back five dollars a month. The cost? One hundred and thirty-five dollars. (Later. He got it all paid for.)

I should explain where he gets his money. Since ONE OF THOSE was published, the government have begun to give him a stipend every month with the promise of rehabilitation at a later date. This makes him independent.

Next we got a little program up and asked the Lord to open up homes which He did. We wanted to cheer old folks up with Bible reading, testimony and hymns played on his little organ. He takes his violin along too. Then I accompany him on the organ. We take hymn books which were donated so the old folks can have a singsong. We felt we could manage a couple of visits a month. This is over and above visiting our own friends.

My husband takes us in the car and Peter carries the organ in and out. The program changes each month or when we make a duplicate call. Remember we do nothing without much prayer. So far we have been out three times with two more engagements promised. When we went to a Nursing home, after doing the program the matron (owner) was so pleased she had us go upstairs and do it over again for those who were too frail to come down. I repeat, this program is handled by an ex-Mongoloid. Mind you I help (also my husband) him arrange the program. Just as a child has to be told what to write in his first letters so a lad like Peter has to be told what to do in a program like this and later it becomes his own. He leads the meeting and announces each item.

Here is the program for the first month, -

Prayer (Dad)
Bible reading (John 14:1-6)
Hymn (Have thine own way Lord)
My testimony (Peter's)

"I would like to tell you what the Lord has done for me. I was born a Mongoloid. The doctors said I would not be able to learn. My mother was also told not to worry as I would be happy. But my parents were not happy, neither were my brothers and sisters. So my mother prayed and worked and God gave wisdom and now I can read and write and play four musical instruments. My prayer is that God will have his own way in my life. Thank you."

Hymn (My Jesus I love thee)
Special number (two hymns with violin and organ)
Closing prayer (by Peter)
The Lord's prayer.

The first time Peter showed a little nervousness but the more he goes on the more confidence he gets. We are really proud of him. Working with older people is really his field of service because they are so sympathetic and in consequence, he feels at home with them.

When he was finished with the program in a private home one night, a tear trickled down the cheek of the lady of the house who was in a wheel chair because of an accident a few weeks before. She commented, "Peter you have such a nice touch on that organ. Maybe some day you'll be a great organist." Needless to say our hearts thrilled as Peter humbly replied, "Thank you." A little appreciation and encouragement goes a long way with one who has been handicapped so long. We've told him again and again to regard his handicap as an incentive to greater effort.

To-day I copied on the blackboard a little sentence taken from an old composition book. I have asked him to memorize this sentence. I think it is just the words he needs. "Earnest purpose strives ahead while dull sloth lags behind."

One day not long ago Peter felt sorry for himself and leaning on the kitchen table with the dish towel in his hand, inquired pathetically, "Why did I have to be born this way?" I just told him that he did not have to remain that way and to keep believing in Jesus for healing and while he was waiting to use the faculties he had. And then with a smile he answered, "That's right mom." Then I reminded him of the line above also verses we claim continually from God's word. Here are two favorites, "Thy hands have made me and fashioned me, give me understanding that I may learn thy commandments." Psalm 119:73. The other, - "The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me, thy mercy O Lord endureth for ever: Forsake not the works of thine own hands." Psalm 138:8.

Arithmetic is still a bugbear to Peter but again I repeat, "And he said the things which are impossible with men are possible with God." Luke 18:27. God will open up his mind to take in figures when He thinks he needs it.

About two years ago Peter informed me that he wanted a map of the world to be hung on his bedroom wall. He said he wanted to look at the countries continually. I pasted a large map of the world on his wall and believe me when I am cleaning his room, I often have a good study in finding places in the world myself. The boy keeps my husband and I alert in our declining years. How I praise God for our

Peter, handicap and all.

The other day I found the following (lying on his table in his room),

"But let all those that put their trust in thee rejoice, let them ever shout for joy because thou defendest them: let them also that love thy name be joyful in thee. For thou Lord wilt bless the righteous: with favor wilt thou compass him as with a shield." Psalm 5:11, 12.

"He brought me forth also into a large place, he delivered me because he delighted me." Psalm 18:19.

He's probably heard me quote those verses so he gets them up and claims them for his own. You see the importance mothers in consistently teaching him God's word. God is so perfect and so true to his promises that when a retarded one claims a promise, he gives the request regardless.

Writing is really an outlet for Peter. He is at it constantly. The following was on his table a few days ago, -

What a lovely day to-day is. Sunshiny clear sky and warm. So it is in God's heaven only He is the light and the warmth. Praise the Lord! We need his help to make us shine so that others may see that Jesus is beaming in our faces.

God is good to me to give me a day like this. Praise his name! I give all of my body to Him so that he can use me as a vessel for his service. His mercy and pardon are forever, even remission of sins. All things are possible with God I believe.

Shine when things do try us and when being tested. I must not grumble but smile. With God's help I can do it. Being filled with his word and power, I cannot go wrong. Nothing can budge me from it for I am founded on the Rock and anchored fast.

It is really a treat the way the lad strengthens us because he believes so fully with never a doubt. His belief is so positive. Yet he has his burdens as one can see by the above. "I must not grumble but smile."

They tell us that adolescence is from thirteen to twenty-four and I believe Peter is going through the latter stage. Quite often in the morning, he has a real struggle to feel and be sweet. He'll say, "I'm really trying to get victory over it mother." I know the enemy of our souls attacks him. Satan would like to crush him of course and spoil his testimony. But Peter knows his only hope is in God and when he cries to Him, the enemy is put to flight.

Here is his own idea of Christmas found on his table one December day, -

Christmas

Praise the Lord! Christ was born in a manger in Bethlehem to be the Redeemer of mankind. If we ask Him to come into our hearts and save us, He will do it. On Christmas we give cards to our relations and friends to let them know that we are still thinking of them. We also give each other gifts in remembrance of the greatest gift of all, our Lord Jesus Christ. If we give our hearts to Him, He will give us his gifts, love, joy, peace, longsuffering and make us like Him. We'll have a precious time on

Christmas day because we Know Him as our Saviour.

Another paper, -

My testimony

The Lord is good. He loves me. He gives me a song in my heart. I thank Him for defeating the devil and taking my punishment. I thank Him for victory, love, mercy, grace. How great thou art! I thank Him for clothes, home, bed, friends, kindness, rest in sleep and shelter. God cares for me and stays near me. He's my Heavenly Father. I love Him. Can't go anywhere without Him. Much prayer to Him I bring.

Now all these things for a young man in his early twenties would be nothing but remember this lad was a Mongoloid.

I thought I would give him a little test this week in case he applied for work and had to answer some ordinary questions. At least these are things he should know. Here is the list.

Write your answers below each question.

1. What is your age?

2. How tall are you?

3. What do you weigh?

4. What size shoes do you wear?

5. What size is your shirt collar?

6. What church do you attend?

7. What nationality are you?

8. How far did you go in school?

9. To what party do you belong in politics?

10. What musical instruments do you play?

11. Can you ride a bicycle?

12. What is your favorite radio program?

Write your name, address and 'phone number.

Now anybody reading his answers would decide that Peter knew what it was all about. For instance in question (1) he put 22 for his age and did not add years (22 years). In question (2) he put five foot instead of five foot 2 inches. The same in number (5) 15 instead of fifteen inches. The rest of his answers were O.K.

My husband says that those mistakes would not matter because if these questions were asked by an employer, he would certainly know what Peter meant by his answers and he would have the information that he required.

Now mothers of slow children, cheer up! Your child is not hopeless. If your child is far worse than Peter is and was, it will be the greater miracle and just as easy for God to heal him. Keep believing, trusting and working. God will not fail you. Much better to be like Peter with all that he has learned (even if he stopped right now) than to be hidden away behind doors and not be taught anything.

I just found out the other day that he could whistle a tune. When he was small he could not whistle. Oh yes he could draw in his breath through pursed lips and make one sound but that was all. And now if you please, he can whistle everything he can sing. Another step up since twenty-one. See! They do learn things after they are twenty-one. I tell him when he is coming down the street to whistle all the tunes he knows. It will all help him to command respect from the little torments.

I heard the little girls (who have just moved in next door) say to their friends after Peter went by. "My mother says, Peter is not a boy he is a man. He never went to school because he was sick." I thought that mother was kind for she certainly could have said that he was stupid or those children would not be behind in repeating it. I had had the mother in for a cup of tea prior to this.

You know when Peter is playing his violin and I am accompanying him, it takes me back to the days when my boy George (crashed in Holland 1945) used to play. Peter is every bit as alert on reading the notes as he, even if he has only sixty-seven per cent vision. I talk to him just the way I used to talk to George. "Can't you see that dotted note? Can't you see the difference between an eighth note and a quarter?" And believe me he does know but he is careless at times. Of course I must admit George was in his early teens when he was studying the same pieces on the violin.

You know we all admit that our families grow up too fast. Well, I just say the Lord has given me the privilege of mothering Peter a little longer than usual. Don't we love doing their mending, cleaning out their ears occasionally and taking the water mark from under their chins, laying out their clothes, scolding them for misdemeanors (like pushing a knife through a worn out spot on the dish towel) and praising them for work well done.

When the lad gets right and goes to work, all that interference must stop. I will miss it so. So I have had four years more than other mothers to enjoy our boy. I do thank God for this. A lady across the street is giving him so much to keep the snow off her walks. She told him he would get his pay if there were no snow or lots, the same pay. He is satisfied and it is a little bit of work.

A thing that is very important with these retarded ones is that they be spotlessly clean. Mothers, keep at them and at them and at them, then one gets results. You know it doesn't cost anything to keep them clean, clothes and all. They are not hard on their clothes and they can wash and shave properly of one insists. I often send Peter upstairs and tell him to shave over again. Of course right now he has pimples (later adolescence). He can shave with an electric or brush shave.

Yesterday I was fasting. In fact I did not eat or drink for thirty-one hours. I had asked the Lord for three things; (1) more faith. (2) That God would bring to fruition the promise that He gave me when Peter was a baby, "Call unto me and I will answer thee and show thee great and mighty things which thou knowest not." The third I cannot disclose.

Well this morning I felt a bit weary so my husband hurried downstairs to get me a bite of breakfast. He had no sooner gone when I saw Peter hustling along the hall throwing on his dressing gown as he went. I asked, "Why are you up so early?" Oh I must save dad carrying up the tray. And when he brought the tray, he put his arms around me and breathed, "Mother dear, I hope you are feeling alright to-day." There it was, the beginning of things, 'that I know not'. I looked up with praise on my lips. To do things without being told and see things to be done is something wonderful for a boy that has had Peter's trouble. Again Luke 18:27. "----The things which are impossible with men are possible with God." It pays to fast and pray at times. Results are wonderful.

-----Little Things And God-----

"Nothing is too great to be handled in prayer, or to be sought in prayer. Nothing is too small to be weighed in the secret councils of the closet, and nothing is too little for its final arbitrament. As care comes from every source, so prayer goes to every source. As there are no small things in prayer, so there are no small things with God. He who counts the hairs of our head, and is not too lofty and high to notice the little sparrow which falls to the ground, is not too great and high to note everything which concerns the happiness, the needs and the safety of his children. Prayer brings God into what men are pleased to term the little affairs of life. The lives of people are made up of these small matters, and yet how often do great consequences come from small beginnings?"

----Bounds----

CHAPTER 5

An Operation

Last year when Peter was twenty-one, he was operated on for hernia. We had prayed much about this and felt it was the Lord's will. After the first few days, it was just like a picnic for him. He had so much attention. Visitors every day taking him candy, fruit, flowers, odd gifts, cards and even money. He had his Bible with him and the man in the other bed told me that he read it morning and night and also that he was praying for his healing (the man's). I know that he had a good testimony while there.

(Later at twenty-nine years operated on for gall stones.)

Many years ago when a doctor was examining his throat which was full of enlarged tonsils, he intimated that he would not dare operate on a child like Peter. He said he would probably die on the operating table. Anyway he has outgrown the tonsil trouble and the hernia operation certainly did not kill him, in fact it was very successful. I must admit though that much prayer went up for him at the time. And God was good.

I've told Peter often if he feels grumpy just to write down all the things on a sheet of paper that he is thankful for and he'd be happy. One day the following was on his table (poor fellow quite likely feeling down with a cold)? -

Thank you Lord for food.
Thank you Lord for medicine.
(probably taking cough medicine).
Thank you for clothes.
Thank you for sunshine.
Thank you Lord for warmth.
(likely chilly with the cold).
Thank you Lord for heat.
Thank you Lord for cool air.
Thank you Lord for furniture.
Thank you Lord for the radio.
Thank you Lord for water.
Thank you Lord for shelter.
Thank you Lord for T.V.
(sees the neighbor's at times).
Thank you Lord for spiritual gifts.
Thank you Lord for protection.
Thank you Lord for solving every problem.
Thank you Lord for growth.
Thank you Lord for plants.
Thank you Lord for friends.
Thank you Lord for the birds.
Thank you Lord for answering prayers.
Thank you Lord for souls being converted.
Thank you Lord for neighbors.
Thank you Lord for books.
Thank you Lord for entertainment.
Thank you Lord for plenty.
Thank you Lord for freedom of worship.

Thank you Lord for parents.
Thank you Lord that I'm improving.

This was a full page in long hand and I'm sure God rewarded him by giving him joy in his heart.

Peter has had his three polio shots and Sabin for the prevention of polio. To-day all three of us visited a friend who has been in the hospital with polio for years. She's a lovely christian. Peter led in prayer to-day and our friend said, "Thank you Peter for your lovely prayer." The Lord was really with him. This friend is praying for the completion of Peter's healing and Peter is holding her up in prayer for God to heal her too. We believe He will one day.

Keep praying and believing mothers. Your retarded child will do that very thing (the above) one day, and you'll say, "Isn't the Lord good?" You'll get your wish. I must say this is the easiest, happiest time of my life. It was well worth waiting for. How good God is!

You know in this province alone, there are over six hundred Mongoloid children. We have to face it. They are not a bit particular where they come, rich, poor, educated or ignorant parents, first last and in the middle of families. They are no respecter of time, age, whereabouts, slums or the elite.

A lady came to see me the other day after church with such a sad countenance. She asked, "Where can I get your book ONE OF THOSE?" She continued, "My niece's fourth baby is a Mongolian and I want to help her all I can." Before that, the book had no interest for her but now she wanted to help her niece bear the burden by getting her to read what the Lord had done for our boy. Of course I told her where she could procure it.

The other morning we had quite a bit of differences of opinion on things, really a clash of wills so to speak. I felt I was right and if you please later the following was on his table, -

This morning was a joke. I'm glad it is over.

Put my troubles in my old kit bag and smile.

Happy as can be. Praise the Lord. Everything is mine in Him. I thank the Lord for sunshine, for improvement in myself, to be well in body and to be able to do a day's work. (his practice and jobs around home)

"Be sober, be vigilant because your adversary the devil roameth about as a roaring lion."

Psalms 91, Psalm 23 and Psalm 27 are my strength and protection and a big lift in time of need.

In danger knows no fear.

In darkness feels no doubt.

In temptation feels no falling.

In tests feels no tears.

In sadness feels no gripe.

I thank the Lord for material blessings, the privilege of the organ project (mentioned earlier), friends old and young. All lights in the sky. Parents and their kindness to me.

Spiritual Blessings

The Cross.
The blood.
The Holy Spirit.
God.
Prepared Mansion.
Blessed Release.
Angels.
Love, mercy, kindness.
Grace.
Hand stretched out.

There are times when Peter cannot resist writing down the things that come into his head. Of course if he did not read and study God's word and get this knowledge of scripture, he would not be able to refer to the Bible again and again.

More from his papers, -

For all must appear before the judgement seat of Christ.
Let no evil communication come out of your mouth.
I must be able to give an answer to any man with fear and trembling.
I shall not fear what man shall do unto me.
I will not serve two masters.
I'd much rather hold to the one that created all things.
Judge not the outward appearance.
They that hate the righteous shall be desolate.
God's truth abideth still.
When temptations round you gather, breathe that holy name in prayer.
I will not pay heed to the gloom.
Love is not easily provoked.
I must not take the WORD lightly.
I must give this out (the above).

Peter gets a real burden for the lost. He will hand out a tract to the person sitting next to him in the bus or open his Bible at John 3:16 and tell them to read it. The other day he met a man when he was out walking and said to him, "Say, he that hath the son hath life but he that hath not the son shall not see life but the wrath of God abideth on him." The man replied, "Thank you." And walked on..

~
The dear boy made an attempt at poetry. Here it is, -

I am thankful for what I've got
And stay that way.
Don't be rude and say
Unkind words.
'Tis God that helps me
To live what I write.

Remember what you don't like
To pray about it.
Stick up for the right
And mind your own business.
Let criticism be put to death.

I know it is hard
But claim the blood.
Love those that do you harm.
I just wonder
In this present world,
Full of confusion,
Revival can cure.
I know it's true
Make Jesus known.

I know how sad you are dear mothers of slow children. You can't help but look at others with large families even and every one of them one hundred per cent. Or even those with small families and nothing wrong with them and you wonder why this trouble came to you. Again where mothers go out working for extra money and leave their lovely perfect children to run the streets. Naturally you say, "Why? I would not do that.." You feel they don't deserve to have perfect children.

In days gone by, I thought there was nothing worse than having a mentally retarded child. But as I cast my burden on the Lord as He tells us to do in 1 Peter 5:7, "Casting all your care upon Him for He careth for you." He continually gave the lift and wisdom to go on.

A great many women, when they come to their free years waste them. I might have wasted my free years but God cut out my work for me and gave me the job of teaching my retarded boy. It was good past time, now that I look back on it. I would not have chosen it but I am glad I had that very work to do. And listen! Now he has given me strength and wisdom for a hobby as well, a hobby which I hope with His leading will bring glory to his name.

Now mothers of slow children, cast your burden on the Lord and remember there's a happier day coming. Tell the Lord Jesus all about it and He will give supernatural strength and wisdom to you and keep you happy training your little one, boy or girl whatever it might be. And as well remember that if your child is past the formative years, God will still answer prayer and give you wisdom to start even now. The love of Christ passeth knowledge you know. So keep looking up. Teach them to know Christ and the rest will follow. Some cities have good schools for retarded children and they will be improving all the time. Work with the child at home as well as the school and you'll cover a lot. I think my boy went ahead faster by working with him all by myself. In those days the school that was here only went as far as grade three.

If I could have seen ahead what Peter can do now, I never would have been sad. To wake up in the morning with the music of beautiful hymns being played on the piano by our retarded boy is a thrill indeed. Lately it has been the little organ because he wants to play well for the shut-ins when we go to this place and that.

You might be tied in a bit now but the day will come when you can go away shopping or visiting and leave him or her to look after the place and keep himself busy besides.

In addition, with all the books Peter reads, he has decided to read through THE BOOKS OF KNOWLEDGE. It is quite an old publication but he will benefit by it I know. I do not interfere. Sometimes he tells me about a lovely poem or

legend and then we have a good talk about it. I know some of the things are out of date in it like motor cars and airplanes but it does not hurt him to know the beginning of things. And history up to the time they were published is accurate, the same with other subjects. As an extra he is reading SHARP EYES and other subjects by John Burroughs just now and thoroughly enjoying it. He tells me about the things of nature in it and as I reread the book recently, it is interesting discussing these subjects together.

Now mothers as you look at your little one about seven or eight, remember Peter and all God has done for him and He will do it for you too if you have faith to believe. And what's more, I know there are still greater surprises for Peter so keep trusting and working. Again Luke 18:27, "The things which are impossible with men are possible with God." Say it out loud again and again and believe it.

As I said in ONE OF THOSE, Peter is far from perfect. Now here is an annoying thing that he does. When he is drying the dishes, if the towel has a hole in it, he can't resist pushing a knife or his finger in the hole and making the hole bigger. I've scolded him about it so often but the next time if a hole is there, whoops, there it goes again. Life is too short to have words continually over worn out towels. His sense of values is not up to par but it will be one day because God will do it for him in the nick of time.

Peter: What will our voices be like in heaven, men's or women's?

Mother: Who knows?

CHAPTER 6

The Undertaking Parlour

For a long time Peter has been asking what it is like in an undertaking parlor. He has been to the odd funeral with us but he wanted to know where the corpses were put when they were first brought in and what they looked like and how they fixed them up for the funeral service. I had always put him off but he put it over us to-day.

At three o'clock he went up for the paper on his bike, came home with it, sneaked up the road again. And if you please, he visited an undertaking parlor all on his own. He told me he only saw one corpse. I was annoyed at him and told him never to do that again. He said nobody said anything to him. Of course they didn't for the very good reason that no one was in sight. Now that episode would not be interesting to a normal young man of twenty-two. Of course as I said before, he is in later adolescence, a boy to-day and a man to-morrow and vice versa. Just an inquisitive boyish prank really. He even went on to say that some day he might have one and it would be, GANT'S UNDERTAKING PARLOURS on the outside. "Forget it Peter," said I.

Now in a more serious mood, he wrote the following, -

Heaven's Open Gate

Heaven is a beautiful place full of love..Being in such a place is what we

need. It is far better to be there, to have our old houses that we cannot fix dissolved. That will be liberty to have a beautiful body like Jesus. Time is not mentioned there neither is old age. Not a single enemy, not even a grave. Not a friend forsakes, accuses or abuses one. Neither disease, suffering, tears nor results of these. Cannot be led astray or goods destroyed. There will be no floods, no war nor itchy fingers (pulling buttons off or threads out). All is beautiful. No need of answering except one thing, JESUS PAID IT ALL. Death is a kiss of an angel who will take my hand and into the darkness of death will he lead me to heaven. The gate will open and HOME SWEET HOME, I will be forever with my king. I pray to the One that cleaveth to me and cares much for me, enough to die on the cross for me. Praise the Lord!

Another showing his love for his Saviour, -

Praise the Lord!
Glory to his name
And He shall be exalted.
He is loving and kind
And is deep.
Friends fail but not Him.
God is love, gracious, merciful, plenteous in mercy.
Praise Him! Praise Him!
He. I AM. How great thou art. Marvelous!
He's wonderful and so sweet.
I thank Him for household goods, entertainment, friends, the car, spring time, harvest and so on.
His loving arms are outstretched for me.
He knows how I've been tempted because He went through it all for me.
Not "I" but Christ. Why is "I" mentioned in this world?

Dear mothers when your big boy or girl (retarded) put their shoes on the wrong feet and goes to the store with you and even you did not notice till others were looking at your child's feet, don't let it worry you. Normal ones have done that. Peter did it once after twenty with runners. I know you get tired of putting on a brave front and pretending not to mind but the day will come when you will say, "Fancy worrying about little things like that when many normal young people make such fools of themselves." And when you send him up for a newspaper and tell him to come right back and he decides to take a look at all the supermarkets in your vicinity, don't feel badly even if you did tell him to hurry back as you were going to the park for a picnic supper. My boy did that to-day. These places look so interesting. Be glad he was interested enough to want to see what the different stores looked like. Remember as I've said before that adolescence is very late with retarded children. They are up and down, nice and nasty, child and adult all at the same time.

CHAPTER 7

Phases

There was a time when Peter did not want to sing in church. A phase. It was not altogether his fault as some other boys and girls in their late teens just stood looking uninterested and did not even look up the number of the hymn, much less hold the hymn book up and sing. Of course that is what happens when teenagers are allowed to sit all over the church with their friends (where there is no supervision) instead of sitting in the family pew. I have seen those youngsters deliberately sitting behind the opposite sex and all they do is ogle and draw attention to themselves. If they were with their parents, there would be a little more dignity because when they acted foolish, whisper and titter, they could be checked.

Well anyway, I was annoyed at Peter's behaviour this certain Sunday (and it was not the first time either); so I passed a note to him which read (I always keep a pad in my purse for jotting down impressions) "Because you did not sing, no dessert. Remember I mean it. Also, sing in this last hymn. And if you don't, listen, no lunch." That did it. No more trouble. Peter is very fond of food. And listen to this; a lady sitting behind us since that said in his hearing, "Say, Peter has a nice voice. He really sang nicely to-night." That did something for him. Now he sings lustily in church. Proverbs 13:24B, says, "-----he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes."

Peter's writing again, -

Tested and tried so that my faith will be strong.
Thanks and praise to God my king.
Wonderful Counsellor.
Read the word.

Another, -

Be strong, quit you like men, be strong in faith. The Lord is not slack concerning his promises although men count it slackness. Concerning us he says that no one should perish but to believe in him. And He is really coming again. Our God is wonderful, a lovely Being indeed. Praise his Name!

Old nature is dead and I want to keep it that way so that I can be alive unto God. Never to criticize the wrong of others, but pray because much prayer much power.

Jesus, oh how wonderful, oh how sweet the name. Jesus is true. Jesus, I love him so truly in mind and spirit. Jesus how dear to my heart. My heart's desire is to deny myself, take up the cross and my conversation to be seasoned with salt. I don't want to appear at THE WHITE THRONE JUDGEMENT, but of course at THE JUDGEMENT SEAT OF CHRIST, to receive the things done in his body. Jesus thy will be done. JESUS SAVES. JESUS HEALS. I'd rather be true to him than anything. Jesus is so real to me. Even so, come Lord Jesus. My prayer shall be this all week.

Things I want to thank the Lord for, -

Prayer being answered.
Freedom of worship.
We have plenty.
Jesus magnified.
Souls being saved.
We are being blessed as well as others.
For mother and dad having strength every day.
My reading.
My studies.
My Lord, I appreciate his goodness to me.

Another paper, -

I was born a Mongoloid. The doctor said to leave him alone, he can't learn, probably die by ten with pneumonia, most of them do. A cold attitude in his speech. The Lord is good. I do thank him for my parents, even mom teaching me and making me keep on with my curriculum. It takes one with courage to order a slow child because the mind is slow. It makes a real hard burden. Now I can through Christ's strength fill my days and keep busy. No emptiness when my days are filled up tight. Yes he can do the same with you. If Jesus healed me, he can heal you. If he blesses me, he can bless you. If he saved me he can save you.

Now this morning, Peter got up early, filled the stoker, set the table for breakfast, cleaned the walks for the lady across the street; then down the street to the widow lady and did hers (she gave him a cup of tea and a piece of toast), back again and did ours. All this work in an hour without being told. Isn't that improving to take hold like that? And don't forget he had his devotions before he left his room. He knows he has a poor day if he doesn't. Yes, he is jumping ahead. Praise God!

"Earnest purpose strives ahead while dull sloth drags behind."

Recently when he was going to Young People's, a policeman got into the bus and sat down beside him. Peter thought, "Here's my chance to witness to him." So he put his arm around the policeman and before he knew it, the policeman growled, "Hands off." Peter felt badly and with tears in his eyes said, "Don't you know that someone cares for your soul?" He looked nonplussed at Peter and nothing more was said. With Peter's looks, the policeman evidently thought he was stupid enough to steal from his pockets. One can't blame him; they have to be on the alert. Of course we told him not to put his arm around anyone in the bus but to just witness. Of course if it were in the home or at the altar and he was persuading him to give his heart to the Lord, naturally it would be alright to show this affection proving that he cared for his soul. I think he got that straight. Don't forget though that the Lord uses the foolish to confound the wise.

We were all out to dinner the other night and this is what was said to us at the dinner table, "Isn't Peter growing tall and getting good looking? He looks smart in that suit." So you see it's coming if we patiently wait.

CHAPTER 8

A Dollar A Month

Now here is something that happened a while ago. These afflicted ones do some odd things. One time in church (we were not there that morning) there was a special collection for an outgoing missionary. Peter whispered audibly, "I wish I had a dollar, I wish I had a dollar." So the man ahead of him pulled out a roll of bills and gave him a dollar which Peter put on the plate. He told us this when he got home also that he had written on the special cards that he would give a dollar a month towards the support of this missionary. Of course we wanted to know who the man was that lent him the money so we could pay back the dollar. But we have not found out from that day to this who it was. Probably he gave the dollar to Peter. Then we reminded him that no matter what the appeal, that he cannot give to everything with his limited allowance. Also not to make promises until he talked it over with us. So that was fixed. Now when he goes to crusades and the like and the envelopes are passed around, he knows enough to put his bit of offering on the plate and let the envelopes go by.

Last year his cousin, who was in the army and stationed at Shiloh, would always thumb a ride back to the barracks after he had spent a weekend with us. In fact we would take him in our car to the outskirts of the city and leave him there where he would get his lift back. No one minded picking up a soldier boy. We saw all kinds of soldiers doing that as we took the lad out to the suburbs.

Now listen to this please! Three or four Sundays in a row after this, Peter told us that he had gotten a ride to Sunday school instead of taking the bus at the top of the street. One day he told us a Chinese boy had given him a ride. I thought it was queer that every Sunday someone knew him well enough to ask him to have a ride. This certain Sunday when his dad met him in the lobby of the church after Sunday school, he asked Peter for his permit. The permit cost forty-five cents and showing that for the rest of the week, his dad paid only ten cents a ride to go to work. His dad had given him the forty-five cents so Peter got down for buying his dad's permit. Peter replied to his dad's question, "I have not got it nor the money." If you please he had been thumbing rides (copying his cousin) all these Sundays to Sunday school and this certain Sunday, it happened to be a taxi. With his poor eyesight he quite likely never knew the difference. When he got down to church the driver said, "One dollar and a quarter please." Peter replied, "I have only forty-five cents. (permit money) So the taxi driver took the forty-five cents and said that he would have to make up the rest. I think Peter was a little scared inside. Well believe me, when we were through with him with explanations, admonitions, scoldings, reprimands, he knew enough never to do that again. As I said in my book, ONE OF THOSE, he has always to learn the hard way. To err is human----

On the other hand here is something that he did that was creditable. The other Sunday the portion that was to be read in church was to be found in the book of Habakkuk and he found the place very quickly while his dad and I and the rest of the folks were still hunting it. The pastor must have noticed the hesitation for he said, "It is page---- in my Bible so if that is any help to you." Peter already had it. It made me feel so glad that in years gone by I had hung a card with the books of the Bible in large print on our dining room door. Then as we were eating our meal and cast our eyes in that direction we would run over the books of the Bible. It not only helped him to get them off but refreshed our memory as well. It made our

time happy too and that all helped our food to digest properly because as we all know to be pleasant at the meal table helps our digestion. My'. Peter did not look foolish that Sunday.

One thing Peter did that made me feel sad about a year ago was this; he kept flipping his ring up and down on his finger. A lovely ring that his brother-in-law had given him. One Sunday I noticed that his ring was not on his finger. Of course I asked him where it was and he casually informed me that one day he was flipping it up and down on his finger and it fell somewhere in the kitchen. I hoped that was the truth. I had never found him out in a lie. But everybody has told a lie once and maybe that was his once. Indeed I heard a minister say, "Everybody has told a lie once. I have and you have." Again as the saying goes, "To err is human, to forgive is divine." So I let it go at that.

That rascal Peter is a tease. One time at breakfast (when Presley was singing so much on the radio) Peter was waiting to be served and in a most unmannerly fashion ordered, "Mother! Spoon!"

I replied, "A word with 'P' please." And instantly the young mischief uttered, "Presley." Even now he has such awful answers. If I ask, "What are we going to have for supper?" Or, "What are we going to have for lunch?" Or, "What did I go in the other room for?" He gives the same reply, "Pickles." He is very fond of pickles and could eat them any time and all the time.

How he loves writing his thoughts on paper. One follows, -

Revelation-end time judgement.
Genesis-Beginning, earth not made yet.
Exodus-explanation of God's law.
Job-suffering torments.
Psalms-poems and songs.
Truth-The one who keeps his word.
Death-a kiss of an angel of God puts me to sleep.

I must tell you this one. I said to Peter recently, "Dear, dear! My catarrh is bothering me this morning." And quick as a shot he answered, "Quit your strumming! "So you can see the time we have around here with this guy full of fun and mischief one time and so deeply spiritual another. There is no time to be dull. Peter does think deeply and probably to write things down is just an innocent outlet for his feelings.

Another page found on his dresser, -

It is natural for me to have these things in this present world for me to overcome. Such as, time going fast, temptation, arrows and failing the Lord even. And foolish jesting from such turn my back upon the enemy, foes and wicked devices. And S.E.L.F. Much prayer, much power. Salvation walls, build up with trowel in one hand, sword in the other and rebuke vain foul language. . Poisoned tongues, misjudgement and discord, from such I must draw myself away. When you see and hear a pulled up shoulder, black looks and nasty remarks from people, from such judge yourself. It is better if the will of God be so that ye suffer for well doing than for evil doing. They that are godly in Christ shall suffer persecution. Blessed are

you when men shall revile you and persecute you and say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake. May I become faithful and keep myself clean from all bitterness and malice. If you hear it, shun it with determination.

Now don't you agree with me that the lad thinks deeply. Imagine any young man that was born a Mongoloid to ponder like the above. . . I can't help but pray, Heavenly Father, fill Peter with the Holy Spirit. Grant that the Comforter will tell him what to do always and please give him the help and guidance that he needs when he asks thee for it. In Jesus' Name. Amen."

A little girl went by this morning when Peter was cutting the lawn. She laughed that inane laugh of making fun. I asked, "What are you laughing at?" Peter was acting quite normal. Straightening up, she replied, "Nothing." That is what Peter meant when he wrote the above. You see, it is not that the child ever saw anything wrong with Peter but the story is handed down from one child to another as they go to school. "Peter never went to school you know. He can't be right." And so they continue to gape and gape and laugh. The little ones get over it in a few years and act properly. Peter says he knows when they are laughing at his condition or with him about something that was funny. So, we say the least said the sooner mended.

I found Psalm 23, all written out on his table, -

The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures. He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul. He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Yea though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil for thou art with me. Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies. Thou annointest my head with oil. My cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

Also, -

Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?

Hebrews 1:14.

He knows he is being well looked after. And this one, -

More for myself

Pray more.

Read Bible more.

Study God's word.

Praise Him.

Soft answer.

Live with Jesus alone.

I wonder how many normal young men look introspectively continually like this lad does. I can't help but pray, "God give him victory."

A note from Peter when I was away one day, -

Dad gave me his pie and meat. "Oh my papa to me he is so wonderful." Dad is very good to me. I might miss him any day so I honor him with all my might.

Last night was our night for the program at THE OLD FOLK'S HOME. One dear lady said how she enjoyed the violin, in fact all the music. It encouraged Peter so much. He practised hard to-day.

Years ago when I would see boys Peter's age playing a violin and reading the notes, I used to think, "Wouldn't it be wonderful if Peter could play the violin like that and follow the notes. That was before he ever thought of playing the violin. Now he does that very thing. He played a solo the other Sunday afternoon at Young Peoples meeting.

Sometimes at the Homes, when they call for a special number, Peter watches my right hand on the organ and plays the notes on his violin from the keyboard. I've told him not to do that even with a new piece as it was a lazy way to play. Myself, I think it would be easier to read the notes from the book.

CHAPTER 9

A Crew Cut - Plus

Peter's dad has always cut his hair and about a year ago, he informed his dad that he did not want him to cut his hair any more as he wanted a brush cut. We thought he was being quite natural so of course it cost him a dollar out of his allowance to get it done. Sometimes the barber gave him a quarter back. I guess he thought he was a teenager. After about six months, he decided that his dad could cut his hair brush cut and all. And his dad made a good job of it. It sank in that it was foolish to pay out a dollar for something that he could get done for nothing. He had the fun and experience of going to the barber. Now that novelty has worn off.

I always like to lay Peter's clothes out for Sunday. It is no disgrace for I do the same for his dad. I decide what they both are to wear; the same when we go visiting. We were going out to dinner a certain day and I had not put his clothes out so while I was tidying the kitchen, this note was put on the table as he hurried upstairs to wash.

"I want my clothes out now. Don't stall! I know that you are busy, just the same I want service."

He certainly forgot himself that time. This is a better one, -

Dear mom:

I did all my practice and peeled the potatoes. What is for lunch dear? Although I try to evade you when you tell me my faults, it is for my own good even though it is hard sometimes. With the Lord's strength, I can quench the darts.

Your loving son.

One thing I am glad about and thankful to the Lord for and that is that Peter is not only saved but he has been baptized (immersed) as a member of the church. When the pastor questioned him with others, he said there was no doubt but that Peter was saved and knew exactly what he was doing.

A queer incident happened at the time when he was being instructed about baptism. Peter was asked if he were afraid of the water and he replied in all innocence, "No. Soap." It was around the time when he hated washing because he thought it was a bother. Thank God Peter is His child.

"It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord and to sing praises unto thy name, O most high: to show forth thy loving kindness in the morning and thy faithfulness every night." Psalm 92:1, 2.

Peter's prayer, -

Oh Jesus if I were only perfect, but I'll try in spite of temptations. Dear Lord Jesus, I do thank thee for carrying my burdens and forgiving my sins. Amen.

Saturday I fasted all day again claiming three promises from the Lord. One was regarding Peter that he would get work. Even in his condition, there are lots of places that could do with his help. We would not care what it was, even ditch digging. I used to think that none of my children would do any common task like that. They were to be educated and do something refined for their living. Don't we need humbling? Eh! The Lord does teach us lessons in humility. I'd be thankful if he got work as a common laborer. I know he will get something to do one day. I hope I'll be able to tell you about it before this book is finished. Yes indeed!

I must tell you this much. Saturday the day I was fasting, Peter cut the lawn before we were up. As well as his reading and practice and bike riding, he did the vacuum work, dusted the downstairs, did the dishes all day, peeled the potatoes and finished up with washing the cellar steps. I could not help but think, "He's doing work alright and God is getting him ready for the job he wants him to do later on." It takes fasting prayer.

Of course we could manage the way we are doing till the Lord takes us home (Dad and me). But it is only natural that we would like to see Peter get a position before we go. But as one lady said to me years ago when we were on this question, "Don't you think the Judge on all the earth will do right by Peter?" Of course He will. Perhaps we are too anxious. It says in God's word, "This kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting." Matthew 17:21. The spiritual lift after a fast is thrilling. Maybe I should fast oftener. God help me to do this.

It took quite a bit of teaching on his dad's part to get Peter to shave properly. He uses an electric razor now but when it goes wrong he reverts to the brush and shaving soap. Just in case any mother thinks her mongoloid son cannot shave, a little patient teaching and he can.

When I came home the other day after shopping, this note was on the kitchen table, -

Gone to Edmonston's . May as well say it to you now so that you will know I am O.K.

I told Peter one day to explain on paper how tea was made and how it was grown. We had studied it before this. It is surely a case of contemporary art, so much left to the imagination. Here it is,



One time when my husband with Peter was seeing some missionary friends away at the station, a hobo came up to the car just as Peter was returning ahead of his dad. The hobo said to Peter with his hand outstretched, "Could I have a cup of coffee?" Peter had never seen a character like that before so as he was getting into his side of the car he replied, "You certainly can." He wondered why he should ask him if he could have a cup of coffee or not. It never entered his head that the man was asking for a hand-out. His dad explained the situation to him on the way home.

Oh I must tell you this one. One time when Peter used to do all his reading out loud, I heard him pronounce two words in an outlandish manner. The sentence was something like this, They determined to have dīcpline. He read, "They were deter-----mined to have disciple-----in." That old teaching of phonics and "divide it into syllables Peter," came to the fore. Or smething. We got that straightened out. And too I told him he must use the dictionary more often.

Oh how I long to see him getting knowledge and applying it. Poor old Peter. How I have prayed, "Oh Lord grant that he will know the love of Christ that passeth knowledge that he might be filled with all the fullness of God." Ephesians 3:19. Also, "Oh Lord thou hast all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge, cause him to read and study thy word lots and I know knowledge will follow. With thanksgiving I pray, In Jesus' Name. Amen."

Last year we had some christian boys billeted here from Regina Bible College for special young people's meetings at our church. When it came time to go, Peter went with them in their car and showed them how to get to the church. After the meeting they got him to play the piano down there. The following Sunday a member of our church said to me. "Do you know Peter played beautifully on Wednesday evening when the boys were here?"

"I love the Lord because he hath heard my voice and my supplication: Because he hath inclined his ear unto me, therefore will I call upon him as long as I live. Psalm 116:1,2.

A few years ago, I gave Peter his own key so that he could get in and go to bed in case we were out. I deliberately left the door locked at first when we were in, to see if he could manage to let himself in. Trust him. It was not a bit of trouble. He was surprised that we were in. I can hear you saying, "What a Mongoloid? Could he really let himself in?" And sometimes when we have arrived home later than he,

he calls down, "I got in O.K. Had some bread and a drink of milk." And bless your heart the garage doors open for us as well. Oh yes! With a normal young man this would be all taken for granted, but for Peter it is something for which to be very thankful." The law of the Lord is surely making wise the simple." Psalm 19:7.

Here is a sentimental note, -



Dear mom:

You are so cute, short little lump so lovely. I like your baby talk to me very much. Makes me turn inside out.

Love Peter
X.O.

How do you like this?

He must have been feeling good that day, drawing a happy face too, although he can't draw for sour apples.

The following was at his place after our midday meal to-day, -

WHAT DOES THE WORLD SAY? (supposed to be for children to read)

Hi kids:

Some of you will ask me questions such as, What's wrong with ONE OF THOSE? Well what should I say through the word of God? I believe that prayer, fasting and agonizing in prayer will help to heal the slow children in this city. Some of the slow children will wax slower because of the unbelief of their mothers. The Lord could take away unbelief and soften mother's hearts. I don't want to criticise them but I'm saying what the word of God feels about it.

This is what I'm trying to say through the Holy Spirit and mom agrees. The unsaved mothers rush them to the doctor, when he can't help them, the child is left alone. That sort of thing often happens. I remember a story about a man who did not believe in prayer. He took sick and went to the doctor and got worse and finally died. That is why I say, Jesus first, then the doctor if need be. A slow child will be different entirely if he belongs to God and Jesus. If he says, "I want Jesus," because of that, he will improve and be better. In fact he won't be looked upon as slow. And when the doctor sees him (if he is not saved) will say, I believe Jesus will save me especially when he examines you and finds out that Jesus heals.

Some comment about this kids but put Jesus first whatever you do. Anytime you get sick or have a cold even, turn to Jesus and he will give wisdom and to the doctors too if you need to go to them.

How Peter needs a little corner of his brain remedied. I can see what he is trying to say. Lots wouldn't. Peter writes things out to emphasize what he should do himself. This was on his table one day, -

Confess your sins daily.
Keep praying for others.
Yield not to temptation.

Read a portion each day.
Never let a day go without prayer.
Admit that you're wrong when they say so.

I am telling you all this mothers just in case you get discouraged when you are praying for your little boy or girl. They are so much like what the doctor said to me once, - "Maybe they are alright. Perhaps we are the ones that are off a bit."

CHAPTER 10

Dressed Up

One of the rules in our house, after lunch is to stop work and get cleaned up for the afternoon. Then we do jobs that do not soil our clothes. I never have to tell Peter. For years now I'll hear him say, "Well I guess I'll get cleaned up.." Or, "I think I'll dress early to-day. Do you mind?" Then he settles down to his afternoon work with a feeling of, "Anybody can come, I won't be embarrassed because I'm not cleaned up."

. . . .Flash! Not long after I wrote the paragraph about Peter and the ring, I felt led to say to him, "Peter I feel that you did not flip that ring off in the kitchen but that you really don't know where you lost it." He coolly replied, "You're right mom, I don't know where I lost it." At least that was straightened out. But wait!

The three of us were out last night to see a neighbor and as we passed the lilac shrub near the front step, I said to my husband, "I wish you would tie this shrub back as it is leaning too far forward." With that I pushed the shrub backwards and as my husband then looked at the shrub, his eyes lighted on the lost ring partly covered with earth at the back of the shrub. Now that ring had been there all winter. I had even stirred up the earth earlier to plant cosmos seeds. The day that Peter confessed, the ring was found. I had prayed much not that I wanted him to have the ring but that the truth about it would come to light. Such little things, yet God answered the prayer. Nothing is too small for his notice. Praise his name! When confession was made, the ring turned up.

Another paper of Peter's, -

Keep trying to do what's right in the sight of the Lord. A soft answer turneth away wrath. Or say nothing. Be an example to your parents and respect them. Be kind to weaklings and those that are very small. Invite strangers in unawares when they come. Even slang doesn't become a christian. Be faithful in everything, tests, things that try us, even NO'S. Don't worry about money. The Lord knows the need of these things.

I sometimes try to put myself in Peter's place, how he thinks and what he desires. I do know this that he rests in the Lord very implicitly for his protection and he really has no fear of death. God bless our poor old Peter. He doesn't feel that way about himself. He doesn't think he needs pity but when the people stare and withdraw from him, our hearts yearn for him to have a square deal.

Here's a confession from a (so-called-queer-in-the-head) boy, -

All of us sin and fail the Lord. We are dust in his sight and have done wrong. We must admit that we are no good. All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags and our own strength brings us low. We are weak, vile and guilty, all of us. Sometimes the devil attacks and makes us nasty, cranky, ugly and sad. He is too strong for us. We need help from the Lord and His strength. Watch and pray that we enter not into temptation. The spirit indeed is willing but the flesh is weak. Drinking the bitter cup, baptized in the Lord's suffering. He that overcame is on the throne. May the Lord help us this day to bring our minds into captivity to the Lord that by his stripes we are healed.

Here's a verse from the Bible that will go very nicely with Peter's confession, -

"My flesh and my heart faileth but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion forever." Psalm 73:26.

Here's a testimony that Peter wrote out and read to us at Family Prayers when he was twenty-one, -

My Testimony.

I do thank the Lord for saving me when I was a little boy. I thank the Lord for giving me wisdom to learn my school work and music even although the doctors said I could never learn. Now I am looking to the Lord to finish healing my brain. I have been annointed six times and I know He will heal me soon, for with God nothing shall be impossible.

After this was written, there was an evangelist staying at our house and he annointed Peter again. That is seven times. And each time he has improved a little more rapidly. The late George Mueller said that no matter how long we have to wait, to keep on praying until the answer comes. That is what we are doing.

When Peter's favorite program is on the radio, he gets his mandolin and accompanies it, so it makes this past time doubly interesting for him.

The lady next door heard Peter playing on his portable organ yesterday and she enquired, "What's that?" We then told her about our organ project. When we told her this she said that when she moved here a few years ago, she used to sit on the verandah in summer when Peter was doing his practice on the piano just to enjoy the music. Now we never knew that anyone out on the street took such an interest. Then she added, "It is wonderful how he can play."

So many of us like to linger in this world. Even for a christian life is sweet. Listen to what Peter says, -

About Jesus.

What will Jesus look like? I don't know but we shall know him when we see the nail prints in his hands. He's praying to our God the Father, interceding for us that we may be protected. Angels surround us. The terror flees away in haste when Jesus' blood is upon us, giving us victory over the grave and death's sting, that we'll be with Jesus all through the valley. He will lead us through.

Another thing I'm pleased about is, I don't have to tell him to clean his shoes anymore. Saturdays he gets his best shoes down and gives them a good shine. Of course four or five years ago, I started him cleaning them on a piece of newspaper on the kitchen floor. Week after week, I told him this was to be done. There were many times since that I cleaned and polished them, as it was easier than seeing that he did it. Recently I did not bother. I'd look at them and think, "Oh, they'll do." Sometimes he did go out with them not so nice. But when I really quit, and he realized it, he got busy again. Now you should see him polish his shoes and make them shine. This was a Mongoloid remember!

CHAPTER 11

Still Learning.

Peter was twenty-one before he could open a can with an ordinary can opener. I hadn't bothered teaching him as men don't need to open cans anyway. One morning I came down and here was the carnation canned milk opened and the milk put in the jug and the exact amount of water that we liked added to it. Now that is his job. We are so thankful for the little things. That's one time he learned by observation. See! What did I tell you? He's becoming normal.

Here is a skit that took place between him and his dad, -

Peter: I see your surname on the old age cheque dad. Poor dad.

Dad: I see your surname on your disabled cheque Peter. Poor Peter.
(Peter gets a stipend from the government.)

More funny sayings of Peter's, -

When I bring in the big roaster from the shed to cook the turkey in, Peter remarks, "Put him in his coffin."

Not long ago when I remarked, "If our minister gets another heart attack, he'll be dead that's all."

Peter's reply, "Please mother, let me go to his funeral." Death has no qualms for him. (The pastor was thirty-one).

One day when we were down town, we met an acquaintance who had a daughter at home retarded and a grandson also. Neither one of them able to do anything. I was telling her all the things that Peter did for me. She asked, "I suppose your mother pays you Peter?" He replied, "Oh no, I do it for free." When we parted she gave him a dollar and said, "That's because you are good to your mother."

There's another family that we know that never passes Peter on the street, in a store or in a meeting but that one of the family gives him a dollar. No matter how rushed they or we are, they say, "Wait a minute Peter." And out comes a dollar out of the purse.

Sometime ago, I was coming home from town leaning on Peter's arm as I was very tired. As we passed by a lady I knew casually sitting on her door step, (noticing

him holding me up on one side and a bag of groceries on the other) she remarked, "I guess he's good company. I'll be able to lean on my boy's arm when he gets as old as Peter." Her little boy was four. It is wonderful the strength of youth even in a retarded lad.

Everybody knows Peter. Getting on the bus the other day, I heard the bus driver call out, "Hi Pete, cold to-day." When I ask who it is, he invariably tells me that he does not know. And I guess children still unborn will grow up and stare at our Peter if we remain on this street. Even if he is healed, children never forget.

How we long to see leadership in him. And yet he's inquisitive. Even to-day he rode his bike up the street and thought he'd take a look inside a place called Kingdom Hall. He had heard our views on this group, so he went in and asked if he could play the piano. "So," says he, "I felt led of the Lord to play, 'What a friend we have in Jesus.'" Peter told me that they said, thank you. He had already been up the street and bought a paper and a film.

While I was reading on my verandah, a lady who had a retarded boy came to talk to me. This boy's brain was injured at birth. She wanted to know if I would teach him an hour a day. He's fourteen and knows so little although he's been attending a school for retarded children for years. I told her that no one takes the same interest as the mother and the instruction must be individual. She's quite a young woman (her first and only child) and worn out. Isn't it a sad world? I had been praying for this lad and I told her this and that I would continue to pray for him. I also promised that I would pray that she would get someone to help her with him as I could not take pupils at my age.

Perhaps you have never noticed how small the feet and hands are of these mongoloid children. Peter has very small hands and feet. He takes a three shoe but I get him four and stuff the toes. His foot is wide and with wearing a size four, it doesn't look quite so babyish. In sox he wears children's size eight and nine, the same with gloves and mitts.

When we go up town to-gether, he loves to treat. He is never broke. Peter isn't like normal young folks wanting to buy a lot of ice-cream, soft drinks and candy. But, when we go up town, he does like to splurge and treat his mother. Of course I just have orange juice or something light. (although he'd like to get me more.) He always has a hamburger and a soft drink. Then we go through the hardware department, the musical instruments and the toy department. He never tires looking at the toys especially the mechanical ones. When he and his dad are in the hardware department, they are always teasing me and saying that they are going to buy a lawn mower with a motor and a seat to do our two by twice lawn. They'll say, "Mother come and look at these lawn mowers, a seat and all." Mr. Peter would not get much exercise with that kind of a lawn mower around the place. He and his dad love to joke.

We are really pleased and thankful for all Peter has accomplished but oh how he needs light to do his arithmetic. Or in other words figuring. If he could just handle his money, he could get by. Right now he could easily be done in short change. He can add mentally with the exception of any multiple of five. But if I say, add 7, 8, 6, 2, 9 and so on, that is no trouble. But if I say, add 5, 5, 5, 10, it takes him much longer.

One of the things that annoys us with Peter is, he has always had a habit of sitting

with his mouth hanging open when he is a bit tired. Sometimes in church, he does this and it does not improve his looks I can tell you. So, his dad or I always had whispered in French, "Fermez la bouche." But now we have condensed it to, "Bouche!" And up goes the lower jaw. To see him with his mouth open and his eyes drowsy is enough to make the minister forget where he was. If we give him a small candy, that keeps his mouth closed and also gives him a quick pick-up.

One day I was terribly disappointed in him. He had told me how he acted on the street. I must have been tired for it upset me so much. I shed tears and cried to the Lord for wisdom to help him to act properly. It seemed I could not get above it so I begged of the Lord to give me a verse to encourage me once more. This the verse the Lord gave me, I have heard thy prayers and have seen thy tears, Isaiah 38:5. I was over the trouble right away. Praise the Lord!

One time in his later teens, Peter had gone to a meeting in the church which lasted over two hours. When he came out, he gave a bound and an unearthly squeal as he ran down the street for his bus. A kindly intentioned member was sure the lad did not know what he was doing and drove after him to see if he knew where he was going. When he (the man) got to the cross street, the traffic stopped him and he lost sight of Peter. Then when he got home he 'phoned me and told me all this and got me all upset. Seeing he was a high school teacher, he should have known that when a boy is cooped up that long, it was the most natural thing in the world for Peter to give a good yell and get running to break the tension. I had scarcely hung the receiver up before he was home. By hustling like he did, he just caught a bus and was innocently on his way home while this friend got all worried about him. Queer isn't it? The man meant well.

One day after we had been shopping to-gether, I had Peter carry a heavy shopping bag full of groceries for me. We were just going to get on the elevator when a friend came along and began to talk. Peter wisely let the heavy bag rest at his feet. When the elevator came, we hurriedly said goodbye and pushed into the crowded elevator. When we got off at the main floor, he did not have the bag. With hustling him in, he forgot the bag and left it behind. So back we went on the next elevator down and the bag was not there where he had left it. Mind you a dear girl working at a counter nearby picked it up the minute we had left it. When I told her of our predicament, she handed the bag to me. She was rewarded with our very grateful thanks. I don't think Peter would ever leave a shopping bag again. The goodness of the Lord once more.

My daughter (who with her husband is in Wales visiting his people on their back to Africa) wrote me this week and this is what she said, -

Oh by the way, a mongoloid girl just crossed the street to wait for a bus--- looks just like Lois Ebber. (fictitious) She serves in a little bake shop up the street and manages to do quite well, gets a little mixed on change sometimes but knows the various tarts and cakes and prices. Her aunt has the next door grocery store with a door between-----I think she serves when her parents are in the back. She is always knitting or embroidering. Someone must have taught her.

See! They can do something in this world. And think how intricate English money is. I'd be stuck myself in making change.

The other day I saw a boy like Peter from our car window, short, the same

build and seemingly the same age as Peter. He was carrying a big bag of groceries with his mother alongside. They were chatting and looked so happy. I should never have noticed him if I had not had Peter. He was dressed neatly and looked intelligent but his almond eyes gave him away. If he had had glasses on, no one would have noticed that he was not normal. His mother must have worked and prayed with him or somebody did. It showed in his bearing.

A friend that we had not seen for a long time came into the city so we had her up to dinner. She told me that her grandchild who was like Peter and could not speak plainly was allowed to go to school somewhere in Alberta. When I asked her if the girl learned anything, she said they put her up a grade every year but she thought that they just let her slide through. I told her that I thought it was wonderful that they let her go to school at all. "She is bound to learn something if nothing else but learning to mix with others naturally," I affirmed. I firmly believe and I think I am safe in saying that everybody is directly or indirectly related to some child that is retarded. It is time you did some research work doctors, on this subject.

When we were at the beach some weeks ago, Peter's aunt lying in the sun on the warm sands remarked (in his hearing) how she loved the sun. Peter came out with this wise crack, "S-O-N, isn't she complimentary? We all laughed.

Another time when we were going out of a crowded elevator in a large departmental store in the city, Peter said in a stage whisper (out of the corner of his mouth) "Watch your pockets everybody," while his own hand was tightly holding the bit of money that he had with him.

When we had company from the coast last month, Peter was asked a question at the table while his mouth was full of food. He knew he should not talk with a mouthful (too full, a bad habit) of bread and at the same time reply when spoken to. So he quickly cupped his hands to his mouth and neatly spat out the food and answered the lady's question in record time. He felt it was not polite not to answer at once. His father nearly took a fit. I thought he did it gracefully (if one can spit gracefully). Again I must say, this is a Mongoloid or at least was once.

I am so glad that he has his own corner and easy chair in the dining room where he studies and reads. He knows where everything is, his reading glasses, Bible, pen and everything just where he can lay his hands on them. Again if he had not been brought up that way, he would not have had the system of everything in its place. And what's more, the security of his own nook and corner enhances the feeling that he is as important as the rest of us. The other night Peter had gone to bed and later called down, "Da-a-a-d, when you come up, please bring up my red Bible. It is on my table in my corner. I could not help but think "Supposing he had not had a corner of his own."

Yesterday he was riding on his bike up one of the side streets near us when one of a group of boys called out, "Helo stupid." He said he just looked the other way and kept on going. I told him that was exactly the right thing to do and to remember the least said the sooner mended. The Bible says, "Therefore my beloved brethren, let every man be swift to hear, slow to speak and slow to wrath." James 1:19. I also told him that the Lord Jesus said nothing when they taunted him. And then Peter felt better. I feel so sorry for him sometimes.

Maybe I scolded him out of turn for him to write this one, -

Dear mom:

I'm not fit to live. You hurt me so. I'm sorry that I was not on the beam. I'm sorry I caused you to be upset. I do love you. I got bad nerves and I need help.

Love

Peter.

I'm sure I am inconsiderate sometimes. May God forgive me!

CHAPTER 12

Camping.

Oh dear me, I could see we needed a change. We had it. And we have just come back from camping at Willow Island seventy miles away. Peter slept in a pup tent and my husband and I slept in the car. We tried out living like gypsies. We lit a fire on the ground. You know how it should be done, well my husband did it that way with large stones around it with space for air to creep through. In the six days that we were there, we cooked sausages, weiners, bacon and eggs, potatoes, other vegetables, pancakes, tea and coffee and oh yes we made porridge for breakfast. Kept the fruit in a plastic bag also bread and butter in a tin box on the ground. It was fun. No housework. After breakfast down we would go to the sands, read, write, go in for a dip (we had a quiet spot all to ourselves) nap on our blankets. Then back again to a spot near the car under trees for our next meal.

In the cool of the evening, Peter would play his mandolin accompanied by the mouth organ while the third party sang hymns which floated over the night air. We played a few quiet games, then Peter wrote his diary and after our evening devotions, all of us got into bed early.

Peter complained that the mosquitoes kept calling, "WHRWHRWHRWHR" (where) all night. "I knew enough not to reply, 'here' said he. Even at that, a few sneaked in to his tent and had a feed. The burrs got on our clothes and the black flies (before a storm) bit unmercifully.

We thought the experience would do something for Peter. Coming home in the car, he said, "I'd like to get right and go to college." Go to college, that would be lovely, said I. "I mean Bible college," he added.

I thought to myself, "Let the desires come thick and fast and next thing you know reality will be there. As we did not want to get home till late evening, we loitered a lot on the way home. Stopped at the Locks for a picnic supper. Then stopped at a park near home for a game of ball. Peter caught the ball better than he ever did in his life. There is nothing like trying out new things to energize the interest of these kind of folks. After our long ride home, Peter went for a bike ride to stretch his legs (missed his bike while away).

That night when Peter got into bed, he called to us in our room, "It was fun, wasn't it? But I'm glad to be back in my comfortable bed. No black flies, no mosquitoes, no burrs and all the conveniences of home, but it was fun, wasn't it?"

To-morrow we do our program at the Old Folk's Home so we shall be spending the day reviewing and practising for it.

A day later.

We had much liberty at the Old Folk's Home. One lady came out to the door to meet us and kissed me saying at the same time. "I'm so glad you've come. It is a long time since we have seen you." They all make a fuss of Peter. It was just a month exactly since we have been there before. Peter did his part very well. The last number was, "Saviour breathe an evening blessing," with Peter on the violin and yours truly on the organ. It seemed so fitting that we've decided to always have that for our closing number.

I thought this was good. I was about to strike the chord on the little organ and for some unknown reason, I struck the wrong chord. Peter was watching my fingers to get his lead on the violin. When he saw what I had done (Peter the Mongoloid that was) whispered hurriedly in my ear, "Mother, mother, the piece is in two flats." One lady who is very interested in him and who has slipped him the odd bill took the whole thing in at a glance and looked at me smilingly as if to say, "Will wonders ever cease?" When they hear Peter read the Word and pray, tears come to their eyes. We never know as we practise (especially in summer with the doors open) how many of our neighbors will be touched by these good old hymns and as the hymn writer says, "Chords that lie broken will vibrate once more." So the practising for the Old Folk's Home may help our neighbors to get a touch from God as well. The foolish will confound the wise, the good Book says. Yes indeed! I am so glad the Lord put this into our hearts, namely the privilege of giving a bit of cheer to these dear old people. I am so glad Peter is learning to handle the program.

When there is a clean piece of paper about, say a page out of the calendar or the clean side of a business letter, Peter can't resist filling it up with something. To-day getting hungry for supper, he picked up a piece of paper and jotted down the names of all the food he could think up. When I called him to supper, he brought this page of words along, -

bread, buns, biscuits, pancakes, meat, mustard, lobster, potatoes, hot dogs, salad, salt, pepper, barbecue, eggs, hamburger, flour, toast, raisins, currants, fruit, greens, sweet potato, chicken, beef, salmon, fish, cereal, barley, pork, beans, cake, cheese, sandwiches, onions, radishes, nips, chips.

I don't suppose it took two minutes to do this. For one thing, he was hungry and he is very fond of food and I suppose he thought he might get some of the above at supper time.

The other day his dad and I went up town to shop. Peter was reading when we left. When we got back, we saw a note on the kitchen table that he had written to us before he left,-

"I'll be back. On my bike."

He is beginning to realize that he must not do anything that would make us anxious. (Remember, once a Mongoloid)

When we were camping last week, as I mentioned before, we'd play together on the mouth organ and mandolin. To play on the mandolin as it is written in the book along with the mouth organ is impossible. So I would give him a note on the mouth organ which of course was very high on the mandolin. "Here it is Peter, get that note." And sure enough he'd get it on a high fret. "Now let's go." And we'd

play right through together. I could not do the mandolin but he could. I could not say how many tones it was higher than the original music but it really sounded good floating over the night air at the lake. You see what a Mongoloid lad can do if he is driven to it. He did not want to be bothered. Oh yes, they have tendency to be lazy. His violin teacher used to say (when he caught him being lazy), "Peter, there is a lion in the street."

"The slothful man says, there is a lion without, I shall be slain in the streets."
Proverbs 22:13.

We were just having some bread and butter, cake and fruit for our supper last night when Peter retorted loudly, "Here! Where is the first course? Some protein please?"

Mothers start in teaching no matter how old your child is. The Bible does not say that these promises are just for the formative years. It is for any time if you believe God. Take hold, pray and stick to it. See God work wonders for you too!

We were hoping to get into another Home with our program. Some time ago while my husband was inside seeking to make arrangements for us, I could hear the lad in the back seat praying, "Lord Jesus, take away timidity, Lord Jesus take away timidity." Peter was nervous about starting in a new place-----a very natural sign that he is becoming normal. It was not convenient to have us that night. Peter was relieved.

Next week we are planning to go to see Peter's brother in Alberta. You should see his attitude about everything because he is so happy at the thought of seeing his brother, wife and children again.

His joy and anticipation is as normal as can be.

Do you know that Peter can imitate practically every sound? For instance, he said he fell off his bike yesterday in the park and the bike cried, "Hi-----ee-yer." The noise he made was a metallic screech through his nose. Try it and see and you will visualize his falling off the bike in the mud.

This past week we went out to a farm where we were allowed to pick all the raspberries we could carry home. And to my astonishment Peter picked more than I did. His power of concentration is certainly improving. He did not stop until we had two six quart baskets full. Something else to be glad about. It is not so long ago that he would have played out and lost interest before the job was done.

CHAPTER 13

Errands.

I continually have Peter run here and there to do things for me. "Run upstairs to the pink room and bring down my purse please, I forgot it." Or, "Run down cellar and get me a jar of marmalade and after please take these fresh berries to Mrs.---." It is not that I am unable to do these things but I want him to learn to listen clearly to demands and remember what he was sent for. Half the trouble when he can't find these things is inattention in the first place.

I remember my cousin telling me of an incident in her young life. Her mother told her to go in the wardrobe in her bedroom and she'd find a bag full of small pieces of new material, bits over from garments that had been made previously. She was told to take the garment that needed the patch with her and find a piece to match and bring it to her mother, so that she could mend it with the same goods. She came back to her mother and said there was no piece like it there. Her mother inquired if she had gone through the whole bag. "Oh yes" said she, "I turned it inside out." Well, the mother thought perhaps she did not have a piece to match the garment after all.

My cousin told me that she never even looked for the piece to match the garment because it was too much trouble. She told no lie when she turned the bag inside out and hurriedly put the pieces back. Of course she did not admit that it was too much trouble to hunt for the patch. She fooled her mother alright. I'm sure she must have confessed this to her mother when she got big. Now then Peter the Mongoloid would do no worse than that. Lots of times I send him back, either he did not look or he did not listen to what I told him to do. Young folks do hate to be disturbed, it seems, retarded or otherwise.

Peter certainly saves my steps. And it is very handy to have him return a jar to a neighbor, take some magazines to another neighbor or even to run down cellar and syphon out the wash water from the washing machine and tubs. I heard of a normal girl the other day, sixteen, who when asked by her mother to run upstairs to get something or other replied plaintively, "All that way up the stairs?" Her mother replied, "Look at the times I go from the basement to the top floor. It would not hurt you to save me a trip once in a while." When I hear things like this I say to myself, "I don't appreciate Peter half enough."

Peter is such a tease at times and very much like his older brother in continually pulling my apron strings undone. Many a time I wonder why my apron falls off, and then I remember, "That rascal again."

Not long ago, I could not find the bottle of air freshener. Peter had put it behind a photo on his Dad's dresser. I was hunting all over the place for it and asking if anyone had seen it. At last after hearing all the commotion, Peter admitted that he had put it on the dresser for a joke on his Dad saying at the same time that he thought it was really necessary to be there. (if you please)

Here's a prayer I found between two books on his shelf when dusting his room, -

Dear Lord Jesus:

Fill me with the fullness of God,
that I will be complete in thee and cover
me with thy blood. Help me to shine so
that others may see thee in me.

In Jesus' name, Amen.

The queerest thing about Peter is that he can remember 'phone numbers and the number of his camera but he can't remember that ten from fifteen is five or ten from a quarter is fifteen etcetera. The first sign that he is right will be how to handle his money correctly and see through simple problems.

When we were visiting his brother nine-hundred miles away from here this past week, one of Peter's nieces reminded him of what he used to say many years ago when asked his age. To quieten little torments he would answer, "I am as old as my tongue and a little older than my teeth." He had forgotten all about that but his little nieces had not.

One time I was sweeping the front steps when a little girl came along and asked, "Are you Peter's mother?" When I replied that I was she continued, "I thought you were his grandmother." So she did not think Peter looked very old and evidently thought that I did.

As recent as a couple of years ago, a big bully up the street on meeting Peter would say, "We are going to have a fight." With that he would get Peter down and hold him by the throat so that he was powerless. But the Lord looks after his own. Invariably when this happened, a bigger boy would come along and tell the bully to leave Peter alone or he would give him a licking. Peter was so grateful to him and thanked him profusely. For a while after that, I suggested that Peter go up to the top of the street on the next street over for a while. That is all over now. I do not know who either of the boys were.

One night the young people were going to have their meeting in another church where he had to change buses to get there. (He does not have to change to go to our own church) We told him where to get off down town and wait for this certain bus and told him to tell the conductor the name of the street on the next bus where he was to get off. Well, after it was all over, he said he was a bit nervous but on the second bus, he met a boy that he knew so he got off with him and coming home it was easy. Guardian angels again.

The above is nothing for a normal young fellow but Peter is retarded and he is not supposed to know enough to go out alone at nights. (Born a Mongoloid, remember!)

To-night I sent Peter to the store around the corner to get some cheese. Well for some reason or other he told the grocer that the cheese was red and the man said he did not have that kind in stock. So he went on a little further to another store and asked for spreading cheese. The lady there said she had only velveeta so back he came and asked if that would do. I needed cheese so badly that I hurried him out with thirty-seven cents to get it. Back he came with the cheese and said there was two cents still owing and did I mind. He took the change back to the store. All this for a bit of cheese. I should send him more often even if I lost on the deal. It would be worth the difference for him to catch on to the intricacies of buying and selling.

Don't think because these retarded ones are getting on in years (over twenty) that they are hopeless and that they can't learn anymore. Oh no! They are just beginning at twenty-one to bud or unfold and are getting an inkling of what this striving and driving is all about. They ripen much faster after twenty-one than in the teens. So mothers and teachers too, continue to believe and have faith in God to work with them.

The trip to Peter's brother's home that I was mentioning a few pages back was well worth while. It was eighteen-hundred miles the round trip. His brother had half a dozen goats. Peter had never seen a goat before. He tried to milk them; chased them back into the field when they got out, drank goat's milk and ate chevron. He'll never forget the goats, what rascals they were, chewing up everything when they got out of the fence.

Half way back we stayed at a cousin's place where they had two riding ponies. So Peter had the joy of trying to ride on them and roaming about the little seven acre farm.

Now the day after we arrived back from his brother's in Alberta, he dived into his work with a will. He cut the lawn front and back, vacuumed the downstairs, did the dishes for all three meals that day. As well went down to a neighbors and cut her lawn. Then Peter did his practice on his four instruments, read quite a bit and copied a page of prose. And listen, he carried wood home from a neighbors given to us for our little stove in the shed. He had three quarters of an hour bike riding, listened to the Tommy Hunter show on the radio and chased over for the cheese as explained a little while back. A neighbor came in for a cup of tea in the evening and he took her home later and then had a bath and went to bed enjoyably tired and happy. So it paid to stop everything and go out west for that little jaunt. Yes indeed! These retarded ones need diversion, then comes inspiration.

CHAPTER 14

Calls In The Night.

Quite often Peter gives an unearthly yell in his sleep. If any one is visiting us, they think a burglar is in the room. At these times he is always being bitten by a dog in his dream, so he says. After he is wakened up by his own blood curdling noise, he realizes that he needs to go to the wash room. I'm writing this in case it happens to some other retarded boy. When we hear him make this noise, we just call out, "Has the dog been biting you again?" One young fellow who was staying here at the time and hearing the story of the dog replied, "Peter, why don't you get a stick and hit him one?" It often happens after an exciting day.

Found on Peter's table again, -

Some day.

Sin and curse shall be no more, not even handicaps and muddle.

Praise the Lord!

Turmoil, unrest, confusion, tempest, strain and stress will be gone.

Praise the Lord!

Backbiting, lies, doing too much, physical breakdown, oppression and

depression will be gone.

Praise the Lord!

People backing up in case I start a conversation showing that they'd prefer that I quickly pass by will be gone.

Praise the Lord!

Difficulties, perplexities, not safe anywhere without Him, but anywhere with Jesus I can safely go and be on Truth's side.

Praise the Lord!

Prayer meeting, assembling together which is right.

Go or not go, I am content if it is his plan.

Praise the Lord!

Home or abroad, ever ready to leave my place. Let hallelujahs roll and jump for joy.

Praise the Lord!

My niece in Regina (where we were visiting on the seven acre farm) was so amazed when she'd ask Peter to do anything that he was so happy and willing to do it. He'd always answer, "Gladly." "Maybe it's his condition that makes him so cheerful and if he were normal like my boys (sixteen and eighteen) he'd be cantankerous and always want his own way," so said my niece. Her boys need the Lord in their lives. God grant they will soon know Him as their personal Saviour. Then they'll be happy and willing to do things for their mother.

When we were at Calgary visiting, Peter picked up the book, "Lassie Come Home." It was indeed gratifying to me to see him sitting in a comfortable chair oblivious to everything round him with his head in that book. Occasionally, he would look up and say, "She is going to get back alright." Now that is the very thing I used to long for years ago and that was to pick up a book and get interested in it without being told. So that has come. True the book was young for his years but I read it too and enjoyed it.

I never knew till this week that Peter washed the cellar steps, bottom steps first. He had always done them when I was not around. This time I looked down to see how he was getting along and he was washing them coming up. He got the pail and the water from the basement and as my husband says, if there is an awkward way to do things, he'll do it that way. Bless his heart anyway for trying to help me. To-day he cleaned the silver tea service and polished all the mirrors in the bathroom and upper hall. He is beginning to enjoy a spotlessly clean house. Now isn't that a step in the right direction?

Poor Peter can't carry a parcel in his right hand and ride his bike at the same time. So to-day he took a shopping bag and put it on the handle bar and brought the newspaper home in it. He should have a carrier really. But thinking out ways and means of how to manage is good for him. It really helps sharpen his wits. (Much much later, has a carrier now.)

As we went in to a nursing Home this week to do our program, an interesting incident happened that I think is worth recording. The wife (a trained nurse) of the new owner saw us come in and after the meeting, I explained how the Lord had led us to do this kind of work to help Peter get confidence. She said, "I noticed when he came in that he had a look similar to a Mongoloid but I forgot all about it when I heard him play and speak. I guess he was not very bad in the beginning." I replied, "Oh yes he was. He drooled at the mouth, his head hung down his back and we were

told nothing could be done for him. But he is like he is in answer to prayer." Then she told me that her sister had a Mongoloid son but he was in the country and had not the advantages of the city. I was amused because living in the city did not help Peter one bit. I could have done the same thing for him in the country. That is pray and work. The school board here did nothing for me.

Peter was grumpy this morning when I asked him to go and carry the branches of a tree home that a neighbor said we could have. In fact he was unreasonable. Soon after the Lord convicted him and in the lane, when I went out to see how he was doing, he threw his arms around my neck and quickly said, "I am sorry mom." As he was going to prolong the demonstrative affection, I had to remind him that public sentiment was not in good taste. He had memorized that adage years ago. So he laughed good naturedly and kept working. God bless him. He has his struggles inside. He hates his daily routine to be broken into but he has to get victory over that too. None of us like to be interrupted but God gives grace.

Here is something Peter wrote months and months ago. Probably after a little introspection, -

It is far better to die and be forever with the Lord because I'm far from perfection, but I want to live to please the Lord. Just the same I need help every day from above. I can do nothing in my own strength because I am only clay in God's sight. I am depending on Him so that I can have his strength. While I live there will be labor and sorrow, also attacks of the enemy on a body marred by weakness and pain. We look all the time on the outward appearance but it is soon cut off and we fly away, (our lives) and that will be good. It is hard sometimes to get above burdens. But I think about Calvary and when I do I'm free forever. I know it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of an angry God. But when I see a sinful earthly judge mean, I'd rather fall into the hands of God because God is holy and just. God is wonderful. I love him.

Yesterday, we decided to have a little picnic in a tiny park near here. We invited a couple down the street as well as a widow lady. The car (Morris Minor) would not hold all of us, so I told Peter to ride his bike there and meet us at the second gate. There we parked the car and carried the eats down steps to the bank of the river. Peter took his bike down and leaned it against a tree where we sat in the shade. The beauty of the boats going back and forth, the traffic on a distant bridge and the quietness of the spot made a perfect setting for us older people not to mention the joy it gave Peter. He always enjoys himself with older people and the mixture of food in our lunch baskets pleased him immensely. He remarked again and again, "I'm having such a lovely time." I would not trade him for one of those supposedly hundred per centers who madly play chicken and break all the speed laws etcetera. I know mothers who are just going crazy with the worry of their wild young sons. No, give me a boy like Peter first. My niece's boys that I mentioned back there went round a curve at one-hundred and four miles an hour just for fun and all went to the ditch. They weren't killed but they will be for they have no intention of doing any different. The older one has already been in jail for speeding. Again the trouble is they have not the Lord in their hearts so they do anything for a thrill. The Lord could take away that don't-care attitude and they are restless and not happy as well.

This is what Peter says, - (the once Mongoloid)

We are not here to think only of material things, to live like the unsaved, to set our affections on earth's things that are of no value and things that perish. The kingdom of God is first, then things we need shall be added. We don't want to become walking corpses. I pray for such people and what I see wrong in them to mend in myself. Never criticize them. Don't forget we must bow the knee and see ourselves just in case any soul might go downward because of our poor walk. Don't talk about everything under the sun but give room for Jesus. He's in everything. He will carry me through even to suffer for well doing. Have I grieved the Holy Spirit? I must watch my tongue if I want to see souls saved and not be a Pharisee. I want to learn to say nothing when annoyances come and set my affections on things above, and NOT CRITICIZE.

Yes Peter is right, the more we pray the less we criticize.

CHAPTER 15

Rehabilitation.

Representatives of the government have been here from time to time. They have promised to rehabilitate Peter. For a while Peter did not understand what they meant by that. Indeed he thought they might be going to put him through some terrible tests that he could not manage. He was dreadfully agitated. Rehabilitation was a new word for him. We had quite a lot of discussion explaining to him that whatever they would try to teach him, it would be for his good and not to worry about it.

Peter thought rehabilitation was for deranged minds, people that cannot look after themselves and that could not get a job for themselves. (The queer part of it is, he can't.) He said, "God has opened my mind to practise, study, run errands and go up town alone as well as other activities." He went on to say, "They that are whole need not a physician. I can do all things with the Lord's strength." We tried to explain that anyone with a handicap could be rehabilitated, a deaf person, a blind person, a cripple, retarded, etcetera. And also that it was not disgrace. He went on to say, "Vain is the help of man. And it is mean of them to put this on me. Rehabilitation means, can't do anything. I suppose they will give me blocks to see if I can knock them down. This is the truth." Then he added, Lord reveal thyself. With patience we got him straightened out and after that, the light broke. When he got things cleared in his mind, he wrote the following, -

Dear Lord Jesus:

If it is thy will for me to be rehabilitated, open the door, if not, shut the door and bring glory to thy name. Help me to shine out for thee and help me to be explicit. Give me light in arithmetic. I do thank thee that I have some. Give me more each day. When will it be that I can snap out of this handicap? I could with thy strength. Heal me every whit. I believe in healing, the Lord's supper and to be baptized.

In Jesus' name
Amen.

As he thought about these things he wrote the following, -

Rehabilitation.

I'll see to it that the work the Rehabilitation Board gives me shall be mastered. I must fight my handicap all through my life no matter what happens, even though it will be a trouble to do as I'm told. As long as I stay close to God, He will give me strength and I'll be safe. I'm glad I made a good impression with the government man the other day. They might say, do this or that, and if I don't obey, dad says I might get a konk on the head. I hope I'll remember to behave myself. Just the same I like work.

As I read the above, I could not help but think, "What's wrong with him anyway? That paragraph is clear enough. Wherein does the trouble lie? Now take this morning for instance, he got up early and brought our breakfast to bed. A tray each with tray cloths on the trays. There was fruit, toast, porridge and coffee and in addition a boiled egg for his dad. We both remarked, "What can be wrong with him? Could anyone do any better? Oh yes, I certainly believe the day is not far distant when God will finish the work of healing Peter's brain in answer to believing prayer. God grant it will be soon.

If we older people could just remember that young people have their burdens and troubles. Things inside (that they cannot tell us about) that worries them, we'd be more sympathetic I think.

Here is something I found of Peter's, surely things were bothering him, -

When my Lord urges me to do right through the Holy Spirit, there is not a single doubt in his leading. He rebukes gently, pure, holy and lovely. But with our own folks, rebuke hurts. When He allows a test, his will be done. He says, be strong; then I am strong. When old nature keeps on nagging through painful fingers crowding my mind, I still must keep faithful and grow in the Lord. I must say I shall rise in the resurrection morning when the prison bars are broken. Amen. I must ponder this in my weakness until I am triumphant. (Although I try to hide it, I am full of mistakes.) He that never forsakes or forgets shall have mercy upon me. At least I'll keep trying to be what he wants me to be. Thank you Lord Jesus for Truth, Salvation, Liberty, the Cross, Friends, Plenty, Fellowship, the Little Organ, Education, Any kind of weather, Parents, Growth, Spiritual things, Well in body, Improvement, His guiding hand, Calvary, Angels, Protection, Grace, Mercy, Word of God, Strength, Kindly light.

To-day we went in the car to Morden Dominion Experimental Farm ninety miles away. We took with us a Chinese lad (just over from Hong Kong) who is going into second year university. I wish you could have heard the conversation in the back seat of the car between him and Peter. First, I must say that Peter has to be drawn out to have an intelligent conversation.

Chinese lad (a christian) : What are you going to be Peter?

Peter: A preacher.

The Chinese lad said he would pretend that he was not christian and he would question Peter how to be saved.

Chinese lad: What does christianity mean?

Peter: Read the word, pray and serve the Lord.

Chinese lad: How do you serve Him?

Peter: You have to believe in Him.

Chinese lad: How do you believe in Him?

Peter: Ask Him to save you.

Chinese lad: But Mr. Preacher, I'm young, I have lots of time.

Peter: If you are not saved, you will go to Hell when you die.

And there was lots more. Then they sang choruses until we reached the Experimental Farm. We sat at a picnic table and had lunch that we had taken along. After that, we were shown around the farm which took a couple of hours.

Next we drove on a mile farther to a little lake called, Minnewasta. As it was late in the season, the place was deserted, so we had the little park practically all to ourselves. I had taken an extra pair of trunks along so they were both able to go in for a swim. Changed their clothes in an up to date bath-house that was on the grounds. The Chinese boy was a good swimmer and he told us that Peter would not be long before he could do the same and that he could float. With every accomodation, sheltered stoves (to keep rain off) and picnic tables, we were able to make a cup of tea and enjoy the rest of the food that we had with us. How Peter does enjoy nature. We ate supper on a little knoll with the lake below and trees and grass all around. He could not refrain from saying again and again, "Isn't it beautiful here?"

The Chinese lad treated Peter as an equal and Peter's response was excellent. The lad did not mind explaining things to him. He was so patient. A little more of this kind of fellowship for Peter and he will not be far from being just like other boys his age.

Peter did want to treat his friend on the way home, so we stopped at a drug store on the edge of the city. And (Peter's good fortune again) if you please they were selling drinks just for the price of the bottle. So, he got four soft drinks for eight cents. He was quite willing to spend more but that was all it was.

Oh yes both of the boys took pictures too. The comradeship did Peter the world of good. That's how Mongoloids could be helped because after a great deal of teaching and training, they do think deeply. Peter gets muddled sometimes, but he needs the conversation and help of others to draw him out.

Here is another paper to prove that the once Mongoloid ponders and thinks, -

I am going to live peaceably and righteously with the Lord's strength and triumph during exile. (He means while he is waiting to be healed) The Lord Jesus is good and loving. He helps me to be the same as He is. Think of it! He feeds me, gives me drink and saved me. He shelters me with his blood. I thank Him most of all for dying on the cross and defeating the devil. He gives me strength to shine for Him and He is preparing a mansion for me. My strength is made perfect in weakness and perfect love casteth out fear. I shall not fear for the Lord is with me. The fear of man brigeeth a snare. Fear not when man killeth the body but fear Him who can destroy both soul and body. I must not forget to pray for others as well as myself. The young people are my friends through Jesus Christ.

I want to be clean inward and outward from things that defile, and resist uncleanness.

God bless Billy Graham and all that take part in the gospel. The Ree's (sister and husband in Africa) and other missionaries. The Sutera twins. And that souls will be saved and added blessing bring a revival.

We were down shopping in the Bay to-day and a sweet girl who was deformed came along with her sister. At least we took it that it was her sister. One could see that nothing was wrong with her brain but I could not help but wonder if she would ever be able to work. Her body was so twisted and she was only the height of an eight year old. I would say she was all of twenty. Peter looked at her and after she was out of hearing said quietly, "Poor girl! Poor girl!" I could not help but say to my husband, "Is our case worse than that?" No. No. Even at that God could heal her. "The things that are impossible with men are possible with God." Luke 18:27. If she were my girl, I would claim all the healing promises for her. May God touch her right now for his glory. Peter said that if he had his choice, he'd rather be the way he is. He prayed for her that night and even in Young People's meeting later.

CHAPTER 16

Right Words.

Peter has quite a habit of late of telling us when we speak incorrectly. I'll say, Yes, I have ta go ta town."

"Mother," says he, "to not ta."

Another great failing of mine is I'll say, "Can't cha see it?" for, "Can't you see it?"

"He checks," now 'you' is the word mother."

His father gets checked up too when he says, "oomh?" or "What?" for, "I beg your pardon."

His dad thinks Peter should not correct him. But I say he is not a child any longer. We want to speak correctly and I am glad he checks us. I agree, when a child he should not correct us but after twenty-one, it is the comradeship of adults.

Another word he checks us up in is 'them'. When I talk too fast I'll say, "Take thum with you." It does not sound as pronounced as when written but is there just the same. Listen intently and many people that should know better will surprise you in their pronunciation of simple words. Ya for yes is another one. I'm glad Peter has started this bit of friendly repartee with words.

When I taught school years ago, I was very particular how I spoke. Also when my older children were growing up. So I say, "Thank you Peter. I'm glad that you reminded me. I have gotten careless."

It is a continual watch. If one speaks hurriedly, it will be thum for them. Say hurriedly, "I do not care if you do not do them." The majority will say thum.

With all his learning, even when Peter gets right, the folks that knew him before will persist that he is wrong. We can expect that.

We have quite a time in this house with the verb 'to lie' and the verb 'to lay'. I've heard people that should know better say, "The snow is laying on the ground." Or to their dog, "Lay down Towser, lay down." If one checks them the answer is, "Well you know what I mean." I was asking our Chinese lad if he had any trouble with those two verbs. The worry is because lay, is the simple past of the verb 'to lie'. Lie, lay, lain. And it is also the present of the verb, 'to lay'. Well anyway our Chinese friend said he had no trouble in using those verbs correctly.

He added that there was another verb 'to lie' meaning to tell an untruth. Of course it was easy to remember, lie, lied, lied. People will say though, "I laid down last night," for, "I lay down last night." I am not sure that Peter is always correct on these verbs. It is not because he was not taught.

Sometimes Peter comes out with a sigh of relief and says, "Ah I feel better now."

Why did you not feel good this morning?

"No, I felt grumpy, but I feel I am over it now."

As I said before, Peter is still going through adolescence, the tail end of it. I am sure of that. So I just had to explain to him that no matter how he felt not to depend on his feelings. The Lord's presence and interest in his own is a fact have faith to believe it and forget about the feelings. If they are good, be glad, if not take no notice and look to Jesus.

It is true about anything, if we are not on guard our feelings can get us down. After we have a little talk like the above, Peter admits that he is feeling O.K. again.

We were out to a neighbor's on this street last night. There are three families of us that take it in turn of having each other over for the evening every two weeks. It started away back there when my husband worked nights and the evenings in the winter were lonely and long. The other folks were lonely too so we put in the time to-gether. We women knit or mend. Peter looks at the television and after a nice bite to eat and a cup of tea, we get home in goodtime. A variety of good food always attracts Peter. My husband goes along now that he is retired. One thing we all like about visiting neighbors so close home is we can always go no matter what the weather is like because it's so near home.

Well anyway the lady we were visiting last night said something at the table that made my husband and I give each other the wink. She was telling us about a person next door to her sister's who always had the television on so loud. The sister being a nervous type had to ask them to tone it down. Now here is the bit which I am coming at. "You see, they have a boy like Peter and he always wanted it so loud," said my good neighbor. If she only had said, "You know they have a retarded boy and he will have it loud." Or, "Of course he has never had the training that Peter has had and is just the same as he always was, so different to Peter." But no, in her eyes he's like Peter and never once will she say, "Peter has not much wrong with him."

You see if I had been where I should be spiritually, I would not have noticed the remark. Just the same it is these kind of thoughtless people that discourage mothers from doing anything for their retarded children.

Now just to-day, my husband said that Peter was the greatest help that he has ever been, fixing the fence and sawing wood, laughing and joking all the while. After a couple of hours' work Peter let himself go flat on the ground pretending that he was finished. His dad in speaking to him used Peter's oft quoted words, "Oh, Oh, has rigamortis set in?" Peter was perspiring and felt a bit grubby so his quick retort was, "Putrefaction will soon set in if I don't soon come to a halt." A Mongoloid, please!

The enemy of our souls would discourage us. Look at the glory that will come to God's name when Peter is healed and even now when we think what he can do. We might know when there is discouragement like last night that something good is ahead.

This was a wonderful day with Peter's wit and work. He did the vacuuming and the dishes all day. If anybody thinks he's just the same as the ones that have not been prayed for, and worked with, why should I care when I know different. So cheer up mothers and keep believing and looking up. The Bible says, "Who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God." Corinthians 1:4. I am writing this book for one reason to comfort and help mothers of slow children and encourage them to work and believe God.

In the middle of the other night, I could not sleep so I felt I should pray. I asked the Lord to pray through me and to remind me of those who needed prayer. When at last I came to Peter, I could not help but ask, "Please give me another verse of scripture for encouragement to lean on for Peter." Then as if to reassure me that He was keeping his word for me, the dear Lord gave me a verse He had previously given me. "The Lord will perform that which concerneth me: thy mercy Oh Lord endureth for ever; forsake not the work of thine own hands." Psalm 138:8. I went to sleep with the assurance of his healing for Peter.

Peter goes through a stage off and on, of resenting his father's admonishing him for this and that. We have been quite ashamed sometimes of showing this annoyance in front of people. So I prayed for weeks that God would cause him to get along amicably with his dad. Sometimes, I think my husband forgets that he is not a child any longer too. Well anyway, one night at prayers, we came across this verse, "He that spareth his rod hateth his son but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes." Proverbs 13:24. Here was our chance to prove to Peter from God's word that he should be corrected and it was done because his dad loved him. Peter will take anything from God's word. So, for these little ideosynchronacies, God answered prayer. Now it is a joy to see how he acts when reprimanded. Oh it is wonderful to trust the Lord. He solves all our problems in answer to believing prayer. Praise his name!

Sometimes Peter gets quite annoyed to the point of tears when he cannot see through a definition or explanation especially about arithmetic. When I taught school many years ago, I noticed even normal children get real angry because they could not understand the problem at first. When they began to see through the problem or when light dawned, they were all smiles. Peter is often exactly like that and with his retarded brain, it takes much longer for light to dawn. It is not the same as resenting admonitions remember. (What a struggle for these slow ones).

Sometimes when I come down all dressed to go out with Peter and my husband, Peter gives me the look over and inquires, "Did you fall into the flour barrel mother?" Now I don't fuss with lipstick, rouge and eyebrow pencil but I do put a little powder on to cover up the soap shine. It is a good thing to have a boy around that speaks what he thinks sometimes, because I certainly do not want to look as if I fell into the flour barrel. So I dust it off with grateful thanks.

All I am writing about Peter's sayings etcetera would be nothing for an ordinary young man. I must repeat in case you have forgotten that this lad was born a Mongoloid and drooled at the mouth, had no control of his head when he was picked up as a baby. We always put our hand on the back of his head to sort of hold it on. After he was anointed and prayed for, the head became normal. Peter couldn't focus his eyes for three months. Could not speak plainly for years. Could not ride a bike until after he was twenty-one and could not relate an incident clearly until he

was in his late teens. (and even yet gets muddled at times) Just think what the Lord has wrought. It is marvelous. Right now he is up in his room having a little session of music on his record player. Thank God he is not a car mad youth.

All adolescents have their worries. Hidden worries that are not always confided to the parents or their best friends. And Peter is no exception. Here is a page of what he felt some time ago, -

Lord Jesus.

Without my Lord Jesus, I'll trip, fall, fail and falter. I love my Lord Jesus because He's my burden bearer, lifting and taking away my troubles. He forgives my sins and takes me out of an horrible pit and sets my feet upon the rock and establishes my goings. He has put a new song in my mouth giving me his words to say. If I forget to put Him first, that means a poor day. I don't want to be cranky and whiney. It's prayer that keeps me from the power of old nature (the attacks, darts and temptations). It's the Bible that keeps me from backsliding. And the whole thing together keeps me from wrong. Thy word have I hid in my heart that I might not sin against thee. All in one, Grace, Sweet will of God, Holy Spirit, Angels, The Lord Jesus. I love them all and most of all God.

CHAPTER 17

Musical Instruments.

Yesterday we had a little session at the piano. I can't say that I teach him regularly any more. I just give him a little help on his pieces once a week. He was playing Narcissus by Ethelbert Nevin and managed the first seventeen bars but the page following was too tricky for him. I went in and encouraged him to keep going over the next nine bars a few times with my help and now it is not bothering him at all. There's another ten bars that will need my help. Sorry to say he has not enough ambition to master it himself. He could do it but because it is a bother, he'd rather I help him. One day he'll master this sluggishness.

To-day, it was the day to give him a little lift on the violin. I don't know anything about the right technique but I do know if he gets the notes right, the time and the tone. He is working on Souvenir by Franz Drdle. We decided to leave out the twenty bars before the last selection as it was too high and squeaky for him. Just for the time being, it is being skipped and then we are all happy. I am getting a bit lazy myself when it comes to his accompaniments. I guess it runs in the family.

To-morrow we will have a go at the trumpet. Of course he practises his instruments every day unless we go out visiting. My husband says he does not like the way he plays the trumpet. Peter knows where the notes are alright but it is his lip. I tell my good husband to teach him as he used to play the cornet when he was young. He says it is easier said than done. I don't blame him for not wanting the job. Peter has never wanted to show off but when he gets to the place where he wants to show people that he can really do things, then he will watch others and get his lip right. He sort of swallows his lower lip. We go over a certain amount of exercises and then up with interesting things like, the Lord's Prayer, How Great Thou Art etcetera.

To-morrow is mandolin and as there is only one work day left, it would be a shame not to work on something that day so he gets his mouth organ out and tries to play hymns on it. Sometimes I play the mouth organ (as I said before) while he plays the mandolin. We have lots of fun. But it would never do for real musicians to hear us, they would be shocked. Peter and I work under pressure most of the time. We both love to feel we have gotten something done each day even if it is a bother while we are at it. The wonderful feeling of accomplishment does something for us. There WILL be a day when he will push himself and get places. Now he is just (by incessant encouragement) forming the habit. And a habit once formed remains all through life, retarded or not.

Well mothers, I hope you won't say, "Oh well you were a teacher and a music teacher and that's why you could do so much with Peter." Nothing of the kind. My two year's of teaching before I was married did not help me one bit with teaching Peter. And as far as music goes, I only had two year's lessons. But I have taught off and on all my life and one can't help but learn something in the process. I had to play the organ at eleven years of age in the little school house where our church service was held bi-monthly many years ago. I was also made (against my will) to teach the neighbor's children as well as my brothers and sisters. I hated it all the time. Then all through high school, I had two or three pupils so as I could get money for extra odds and ends. I also played the piano in an orchestra for a year or more when I was first married. Then when my own children came along, I taught them all to read the notes and play up to grade five before they were sent to a teacher. There might have been flaws in my teaching but I was determined that they could read the notes at sight and play ordinary pieces. Nothing could undo that. You see I was fifth in a large family of sixteen children and my mother was a perfect manager and go-getter. On Sunday's (when we couldn't get to church in the winter), it was my job to teach the younger children a Bible story and play and sing hymns with them. It was indeed a good size Sunday school class. That is where I got my experience, not teaching public school.

When my own immediate children were nearly off my hands, the hard teaching with Peter took place. It was my mother's good training to stick to things and to do things and master them that helped me with Peter. As I prayed for guidance, all that early training came back again. This is just a little extra mothers but I can't help but give a little praise and thanks to my good mother who although she had very little education was so strict and particular about everything she did. Her systematic way of doing work on the farm could not be matched. I know she would not have lain down on the job as far as Peter was concerned either. The Lord fits the back for the burden and gives grace and help wherever it is needed.

When we were going over our trumpet lesson to-day, I could hear that queer breathing sound and I said, "Peter, this is not right. Stop that noise." My husband called from the other room, "It is his lip." So I said, "Do it again Peter, you know how." He did it and it was as clear as a bell. See! These retarded ones can master mistakes. Only keep at it mothers.

Here is something that gave me a great life to-day. I am ashamed to say that sometimes I feel, what is the use? Will anybody believe my words regarding what God has done for our Peter and what is more what He is going to do.

His promises are true and He will not break his word. What a testimony Peter will have one day. I may not live to see it but it will happen. Now here is the

something that gave me the great lift. Peter was asked by his father to read Psalm 28:7, "That I may publish with the voice of thanksgiving and tell of all thy wondrous works." As soon as I heard it, I knew that verse was for me. That was exactly what I needed. He used Peter to give me the encouragement. Now I know God will use these written words of mine to bring glory to his name and at the same time keep his word with me regarding Peter. Isn't it wonderful how He gives us a verse to encourage us on our way? So I hope to publish this with thanksgiving and tell of all his wondrous works for Peter.

Little things (that Peter says at times) make us think that he could not be any more normal if he tried. For instance, I was passing the sink while he was washing the dishes and I accidentally bumped into him. He should have moved over but he stood his ground and said, "I wish you would reduce mom."

Peter cannot always hear what we are saying from a distance. The tubes or passages in his ears are abnormally small. (so one doctor said)

So, if he gets too much wax in his ears, he cannot hear the consonants at the end of a word. To-day from the other room I remarked, "I found the cloth that we were looking for." Puzzled, he called back, "Clo-o-o-o-ck," "Silly, no, C-L-O-T-H," I spelled out to him. You should speak plainer mother." The queer part of it is, his ears are O.K. as far as he is concerned and we are the deaf ones. (mother and dad)

To-day our Chinese friend (that I mentioned before) came to visit us and he and Peter went cycling. They were gone for two hours. Peter usually goes for an hour or less so he was tuckered out when they got back to-day. It was such a thrill for Peter to have some one to chum with. This Chinese lad brings him out of himself and it is a joy to see his reactions. With two bikes (both given to him) in his possession, they could both go cycling.

They were playing duets together on the piano (Straus waltzes for piano duets) and what interest for Peter to have someone else to play with for a change instead of his mother. Now they have gone to a meeting in the church just for men, my husband along with them.

Peter is not fond of eating much sweet stuff. When it comes to the sweets (except pie, chocolate cake and date strip), he'll say, "I've had sufficient, thank you." Then if I forget and pass him a fresh home made roll, he forgets all about his having had sufficient and dives in again. Most boys would swipe all the cookies and fruit cake but not Peter. Fruit cake lasts months around here. I could never keep one around when my older son was home. In fact I fined him a dollar once for continually stealing my good fruit cake. One day I coaxed a friend to just have a piece of wonderful fruit cake (which had come from the children's aunt in England) with a cup of tea and lo and behold when I went to get the tin down from the cupboard, there was none left. I was annoyed and chagrined so as I said before, he had to pay a fine out of his five dollars a month. Now folks I have always cookies and cake on hand as Peter never touches them.

Oh my! Peter got a clean handkerchief without being told. I won't always be here to ask, "Have you got a clean handkerchief?" I often look in his pockets (he doesn't know this) and change a soiled one for a clean one. Sometimes when I have pressed his trousers, the handkerchief is forgotten by both of us. Then it is too bad.

Here is something I kept that Peter has written, -

My Lord, He never fails. I love him very much because He first loved me. It is nice knowing what He has done for me, giving me things that I need. I thank him for my Queen. She looks beautiful hanging on my wall. I thank him for my nieces. Sweet Alice, Kristen, Anne, Elizabeth, Madeline, Ruth and Julia. I thank him for food, shelter, sunshine, physical and spiritual needs, prayers being answered, the grass, the singing of the birds. All these make me happy. I love friends, older people, the young people, those that have real love, sympathy, affection and understanding. That is the way to love Jesus.

When I read this little narrative, I felt sad that I had scolded him to-night but you know what the Bible says, "Chasten thy son while there is hope and let not thy soul spare for his crying." Proverbs 22:15. Right now he is happy with his record player. He has on now a long playing record of beautiful sacred numbers sung by Mrs. Charlotte Copeland Zarfus. Her singing is like a soothing balm when one is tired at the end of a long day. It makes us all have a sense of values again.

Later. Poor old Peter has just come back from posting letters. He was quite full up (an old saying for ready to cry) I could tell there was a lump in his throat. I coaxed him to tell me what was the trouble. He said a little girl made fun of him and then threw a stone at him. It did not really hurt him but he said his feelings were hurt to think she thought he was (circling his ear with his fingers denoting there was nobody home) stupid. "Will they ever stop thinking that?" he moaned. He said, he said nothing and hurried along. I told him not to forget that he belonged to Jesus and what a high privilege it was to suffer for Him and that He knew all about it. "I feel better now," said he.

The odd part of it is that he can't be far off or he would not have noticed it. And to think he felt badly is a very normal attitude. So I praise the Lord for improvement. He also added that the little girl did not throw the stone as hard as the boys did years back when he played in the school yard.

I wonder if I am the only mother that talks out loud to myself when working in the kitchen. One day Peter came into the kitchen as I was thinking out loud and he quickly remonstrated, Mother stop talking to yourself or you'll be put away. I thought that was good. Keep this under your hat that I talk to myself sometimes.

Mothers, have you noticed that if you tell something bright that your slow child had said or done, the answer by listeners is invariably, "Oh they are all like that." They would never say, "Did he really say that? He must be improving." Anyway we can see the improvement and even if it is slow, it is just being postponed for our own good.

If you get too wrought up mothers and speak crossly to your slow child, just ask the Lord to forgive you and start over again. They can be very annoying at times just the same as normal children. Oh if we could just remember to pray about the minutest detail of their lives, we would not have the same remorse. We are such poor spiritual scholars, but his mercy endureth forever. Psalm 38:8B.

When we are both tired out, it is not easy to say and do the right things. Peter right now (evening) is sewing up a seam that I had mended in his trousers. He unpicked it just now (thought that habit was done with) as he stood talking to us.

I was cross! I expostulated, "You go ahead and mend that seam and if it is not done right, I shall unpick it until you do get it right, and see how you like it."

I have unpicked it twice and now he has it sewn tightly but you should see the sewing. At least he got it to-gether. (poor lad bad nerves) He can thread the needle but he had to get his dad to put a knot in the end of the thread. I do feel sorry for Peter but he has to learn the hard way. He is not that dumb. He had planned to enjoy himself to-night by putting on his records. The wind is blowing outside with a blustery snow storm and it would have been nice to enjoy the lovely music where it is warm inside instead of making a fine seam.

"Oh, Oh! Something is wrong. I can hear him in his room saying he can't get the trousers on."

Of all things! He has sewn the side seam to the opposite seam instead of closing up the hole (and I hadn't noticed it). It has to be unpicked and done all over again. I've just called from the kitchen to him, "Wouldn't you rather have left it the nice way I mended it?" Next time remember and stop unpicking." I felt sorry for him, the whole evening wasted, but one has to be firm. If there's a next time, I think I'll mend it twice. I couldn't go through all that over again. Puff!

Here is a paragraph that I found with his things on his book shelf. It really brought back to my mind again the lovely time we had at this place two years ago. It follows, -

An Autumn Picnic.

Had a lovely picnic to-day with a missionary who is billeted with us. The leaves were all over the ground and large trees which the wind had blown over sprawling all over the ground too. There was a creek with a bridge which I enjoyed walking over. There were stoves here and there (with piles of wood) where the food could be cooked. But we had our tea in a thermos bottle so did not have to light a fire. We had plastic plates and the wind kept blowing them off the picnic table. It was so funny to keep running after them. The wind nearly blew me over. Mom had a scrumptious lunch, meat pies, cold chicken, pickle, homemade buns, dark cake, apple pie and marshmallows. Talk about stuffed. Mr. ----- kept saying, "No thank you, just a little more." And he so tall and skinny. But mom, dad and I ate like everything, in fact I ate like a pig. It was in the middle of the day and the drive of nineteen miles had given us an appetite. I love picnics.

And to think they throw stones at him because they think he's stupid. What a queer complex. I asked my husband if he looked that terrible. (Maybe I'm prejudiced in thinking he doesn't) My husband said, maybe it was his walk and being quite fat. At that he's only one hundred and thirty-five pounds and five feet, three inches in height. Yet he does look much heavier than he is.

To-day Peter got through his routine earlier than usual so he went on his roller skates up and down the lane. His dad says he travels much more smoothly than he used to do.

Since supper, we had a good practice on THE LORD'S PRAYER with the violin and piano. I need to practise quite a bit so as it will sound good. Oh how I wish the

days were twice as long. We can do so many interesting things to-gether.

I see the dishes are done out there in the kitchen and I never have to tell him. In fact I have to say sometimes, "Leave them for me. Go and play your mandolin with the radio." He has so much to interest him. I thank God that I believed Him in those early years and for giving me wisdom to help Peter. He certainly does a great deal of writing. I think it gives vent to his feelings.

A paragraph follows, -

If I'm gloomy, sad, lonely and feeling as if nobody cares for me, I pray. And temptations, weaknesses, grumpiness, even Satanic attacks, I Take it to the Lord in prayer. Jesus Christ my Lord, my burden bearer. My problems are solved, "Eyes made to see, there's a wonder working power in the blood of Calvary." I'll sing, smile and pray even whistle until everything is alright and I have peace with God and everything is all bright between me and my Saviour.

It is a known fact that some people play the piano when they are down a bit and they say things then clear up. Peter writes and things clear up. A little diversion is a lift for any one.

Here is a paragraph of Peter's on temptation, -

There will be temptations stronger and bigger as we go through life. But I'm loose from its chains because I'm saved and I know the way of escape, so that we'll be able to bear it. When the unsaved are tempted, they often yield, they have no way of escape. The closer we walk with God, the more we are attacked. Christians like us are tempted, yes, but the grace of God helps us to resist. He clears our roadway and gives us renewed strength from above. It is not our own.

I feel badly for the christians in South America who are blamed for being communists and are put in jail. Lies are told about them and the police are not fair.

Even missionaries are tempted and tried but win out because they look to the Lord and like us, when they get victory, it is a wonderful feeling.

I go through this agony again and again but God is faithful and clears my pathway for me. I have a wonderful Lord.

CHAPTER 18

So, From Day To Day.

Sakes alive! Two days have slipped away and with so many interesting things to do, not a word have I written, DS! DS! The reason, Peter, his dad and I drove forty miles north to a lovely farm yesterday. We had scarcely got there when my friend said, "Let us go and pick wild cranberries." We got a basket full. Another experience for Peter. It only took half an hour with three of us picking, then back to the farm for a lovely lunch. Tea, home made bread and butter, sliced pear shaped tomatoes, home made strawberry jam and pumpkin pie and milk for Peter. What a lift for us all.

On the way back to the city, the sun was shining on the beautiful frost tinted leaves. The air was so still, one of those hazy autumn days just before the weather changes to get ready for winter. What a lovely picture to be stored in our minds for the cold season.

To-day it has rained most of the day but all day we talked about yesterday and the lovely time we had. So glad we took advantage of the nice day. Peter loves the great out-of-doors.

In the middle of the past week Peter and I both felt weary and a bit downcast. I could hear Peter every now and again asking the Lord to be with us and defeat the enemy. Oh yes the enemy of our souls does attack but, "Greater is He that is in you than he that is in the world." John 4:4C. The trip to the farm gave us the needed lift. The rest of the week was just packed with blessing. Then we prayed, "Lord help us to remember, the enemy always attacks prior to a big blessing, and to refuse his attacks in advance in the name of the Lord Jesus. We are so slow to learn our spiritual lessons." Peter and I have many good talks about these things. God bless him for his glory.

Sometimes I think that is why he sits down and writes what he does. He feels so intensely that he must write it down. Here are a few lines from his collection, -

I am going to meet Jesus soon. When the souls are going up, my Bible will be shut and going to church shall end. When it is time to go to heaven in a hallelujah train, God will drive it. I have peace with God and everything is Okay. I will feel good with a glorified body. We are pilgrims passing through and going to the beautiful city. May our Lord help us to please Him each day.

Well, this is Saturday night and Peter goes to Sunday School by bus in the morning. We drive down an hour later to church and we all come back in the car together. Sunday is a beautiful day of rest and communion in our house.

A few days more have slipped away and on we go again. We have just finished practising our program as we hope to go to the Old Folk's Home this week. Now Peter is reading, "Embassador," a paper for the very young fry put out by Theodore Epp. It is young for Peter's age but good for his morale. His parents have gotten inspiration even from some of the stories. When Peter is tired and has a cold, like he has to-night, there's no effort to take in that beautiful little paper. A good friend of ours subscribed for it for him.

Last night we were visiting a home where the youngest girl is handicapped

mentally. Her brain was injured at birth. She's a very pretty girl about twelve years old who cannot hear or talk. It is only the Lord who can do anything for her. The doctors have admitted that they can do nothing. But again, "The things which are impossible with men are possible with God." Luke 18:27. Her parents truly believe this. God grant that their prayers will be answered for dear little Mary Anne. And christians, you pray for her as you read this.

Peter says about this little girl, "She is very nice. She is pretty. She gets a bit excited but she needs healing." Sometimes I think it is good for Peter to see other children with a like handicap although she is not a Mongoloid. Her brain is not functioning at all.

The Saturday newspaper is enjoyed by Peter. There are only two pages of comics he considers worth reading. But he likes the magazine section. As he opens it, he always exclaims, "I hope there is something in it about our queen. He has been asking for quite some time now to purchase (and he will pay for it) Queen Elizabeth Personality Book. I must look for that book in the stores. (Have looked since but cannot find it).

All the recipes in the magazines section are read by Peter. We hear him saying, boy that looks good. Often he asks me to make some of them which I have done. Of course the rest of the paper is glanced over in a hurry. A minister told us once that we should read the paper standing up: He also said that if men read their Bibles as much as they read the newspaper, they would be more spiritual. I agree. Peter certainly reads his Bible plenty and if he keeps at it the way he is now, he will be a deep man of God later on. God grant it. ^

Dear me! It is time I reminded you again that Peter was born a Mongoloid and is still laughed at, at times by small children but his trust is in God. How did he get to know about God? Because his parents took literally, "Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old, he will not depart from it." Proverbs 22:6. Mothers start in early giving your child the WORD retarded or otherwise and you will not regret it. There is power in the printed WORD. What should I have done all these years without God's word as my guide? And you can see for yourself what it means to him.

Also mothers, "Chasten thy son while there is hope and let not thy soul soare for his crying." Proverbs 19:18. "Foolishness is bound up in the hear of a child but the rod of correction will drive it far from him." Proverbs 22:15.

I remember some years ago a lady telling me she could not bring her baby (two months) down to see me in the carriage as the baby would not ride in the carriage without crying. If that mother could not make her baby two months old ride in a carriage without crying all the way down the street, what will she do with her at two years? And four years? And six years? She was just making a rod for her own back.

Another person I know, says that children should not be whipped until after they were two years and all her babies up to two were terrors. A couple of sound spankings would have made them behave even under two and would have saved years of tantrums later.

Many years ago I remember when our oldest son (a twin) would not drink his

sterile water at three weeks. He fought and fought against the nipple going in his mouth. So, my husband just gently tapped his finger saying firmly, "I'll tap that finger." The baby was not hurt a bit but his dignity was and while crying lustily, he grabbed the nipple and drank the sterile water, every drop. After that it was no trouble. In fact he got to like it. He heard the firm tone of his father's voice and obeyed even at three weeks.

I'm sure as you look over the last two pages, you would never have guessed that I was fasting and praying all day for Mary Anne and Peter. No food passed my lips for thirty two hours. You see the Bible says, "But when thou fastest, annoint thy head and wash thy face that thou appear unto men not to fast but unto thy Father which is in secret: and thy Father which seeith in secret, shall reward thee openly." Matthew 6:17, 18. Now when Peter and his dad were having their supper (they knew I was fasting of course) of sliced onions, sliced tomatoes, cheese, hamspread, home made bread, drop cakes, chocolate cake, and yellow plum jam, I was ashamed how I longed for a bite. Yet, I made up my mind to fast through because I have proven before that with prayer, it is really God's way of making the petitions come to fruition. Last night even, after Peter had read his paper, he got out two old books, one on questions on the Bible and the other on words that are important. I felt that was a good beginning of my prayer for Peter being answered. If he studies on his own, surely that is a step up. So I thanked the Lord.

I rang up my friend who has the little girl, with the handicap and told her that I had fasted and prayed for her little girl and Peter the day before. (It is alright to mention it after). She said, "Isn't that queer? I was reading in the Bible at noon in Matthew 17:21, where it says, "Howbeit, this kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting." I told her that even if she saw no difference in her girl to-day that God promised to reward in the open and to keep believing. She went on to say she wanted to get down to fasting herself but it was not easy with a big house and a big family to look after.

You see folks, it is not only Mongoloids that God can heal in answer to prayer but any trouble that is impossible with man. The promises would not be put there if we were not to claim them for our own. In 2 Peter 1:4, we read, "Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises that by these ye might be partakers of the divine nature, having escaped the corruption that is in the world through lust." That is plain enough, isn't it? The promises are for us praise God! And to think He will reward in the open. Keep praying and believing mothers of slow children. And, also pray as I said in ONE OF THOSE that he will put into the hearts of some christian doctors to pray through for wisdom as to what would be given to mothers during pregnancy to prevent the child from being born that way. And on top of that something that would not injure normal ones coming along. And if not the foregoing to give these afflicted ones something after they arrive to speed up normality. I'm sure God would answer if they truly got under the burden. God is a prayer hearing and a prayer answering God.

A real blessing happened to-day. I did not mention that since Peter's dad is retired, his violin lessons had to be stopped and I have helped him the best I could. That is about eight months ago. Well his teacher called to-day and wants Peter to go for a lesson every two weeks and no charge. His teacher says he wants others with slow children to see that a retarded lad can learn to play the violin and get ahead if they try. And so for that reason he wants to keep him on. Isn't that wonderful? God is rewarding in the open. Praise his name!

Oh I must tell you about last night. We went to the OLD FOLK'S HOME to put on our program and if you please, Peter forgot his reading glasses. He could follow the agenda O.K. but when he went to read the portion of the Bible (Psalm 15, and small print at that) he stumbled and began again and stopped. Finally he got through it, but it sounded awful. I whispered to my husband, "What's wrong with him anyway?" He whispered back, "He's forgotten his reading glasses." I thought Whatever shall he do when it comes to reading his poem?" He was to give Psalm 28:7, for his testimony first and then the poem.

With going over the verse at home so many times, he knew it off and remembering that most of the old folks were deaf, he said it with confidence loudly and clearly. THE LORD IS MY STRENGTH AND MY SHIELD: MY HEART TRUSTED IN HIM: AND I AM HELPED: THEREFORE MY HEART GREATLY REJOICETH: AND WITH MY SONG WILL I PRAISE HIM. I could just hear a murmur of pleasurable agreement from the ladies. That just gave him the confidence that he needed for his typewritten poem. He read it perfectly and with feeling. One lady even clapped. Just the same he feels safer with his reading glasses on. He won't forget them again. It was funny to see him mopping his brow and the back of his neck after stumbling through the Bible reading. A retarded lad has a real struggle to get places and he needs lots of encouragement.

Now to-day is Saturday. It is after three o'clock. Listen to what Peter did for me to-day. The breakfast dishes, washed the cellar steps, peeled eight potatoes, (got a big blister on his finger), cleaned out the knife drawer, mopped his room, made his bed and mine, cleaned all the mirrors upstairs and vacuumed up there. Then he jumped on his bike and cycled up the street for a newspaper for his dad. Practised the violin and piano since lunch. Had a bath and after he reads what he wants to out of the newspaper, he is going to have a snooze before supper. Now, is he a burden? He is not. Of course he took his dad's face cloth to do the mirrors and his dad's towel to dry them. I asked him why he did not use his own towel and face cloth. His reply was, "It might make them dirty, but dad would not mind." In the future he'll use cloths from the duster bag.

One thing Peter does Saturday morning that we think is childish and we have told him about it so often. It is listening to the kiddies' program from nine to ten. Of course the authorities would say, "That is proof that his I.Q. equals a five-year-old. But what about the work he did this morning please?" Well, then his I.Q. is no more than about twelve years old or thirteen." What about the way he handles the program in the OLD FOLK'S HOME? There it is and the way he knows God's word. No, no, don't let them worry you setting his or her I.Q. low for it depends on their special list of questions what is asked them to do or answer, how it will register. And the authorities have only one antiquated set of questions to use it seems.

So, with their set questions, it will naturally register low. And don't forget the child is very nervous of strangers and that with poor eyesight (usually) makes it so that they do not answer as well as they might. And then when one finds out they have come to a decision, one is left high and dry with no helpful suggestions as the mother must not be told what their findings are because she (poor thing) would not understand. A teacher can be told but not the mother even when she is the teacher. We mothers know the child is not one-hundred per cent but as far as helping us to find an avenue where we can get further help for the retarded child, it is not given. Again how can they give a suggestion when they don't know what

to give. So again I say we must fall back on God. Oh yes we must and He will not let us down. I think this organization, for all the help they are to anybody, might as well fold up. I am speaking from experience. They mean well.

Now there is a good school in this city for retarded children, and it is improving all the time. The school has certificated teachers but as I said in ONE OF THOSE, they cannot go far without a touch from the Lord. And how can they get a touch from the Lord? By believing in Him for help. That's what I have done and God has not failed me.

I know how you feel mothers. When I came out of the psychiatrist's office years ago, I felt dead beat when he had told me the worst. The tears rolled down my cheeks as I walked along the street holding my little retarded boy by the hand. But when I got home and had lifted my heart to God in prayer, I knew He would undertake. I did not know then that I had to have those long years of teaching him but God gave strength as the days came and went and He was precious. I realized how necessary He was in all my work with Peter. And He is necessary to us all no matter what our work is. I learned this through having a retarded boy. Thank God Peter came just the way he did. I have yet so much to learn. Do go to Him mothers and get this wonderful joy that comes to those that cast all their care upon Him.

Now back again to Saturday morning. As I was thinking about Peter listening to the Saturday children's program, Pinochio, Treasure Island, Sparkie, Cinderella etcetera, I'm sure he must know them off by heart because they are told so often. And then I was thinking if he ever had to tell children's stories, he will know a good few to start with. I asked him a few questions about the stories and found he was taking them in alright. Then with the music that is recorded, he plays his mandolin and keeps fairly well in tune as he listens. So we are not arguing about it any more. I am just asking the Lord to look after this for us.

We have a missionary staying with us this week. It was Peter's turn to pray at family prayers after supper to-night. How I wish I could have taken it down in short hand just to prove to you that he knows how to pray. Peter, his dad and the missionary have all gone to the meeting to-night. May he hear the call of the Lord for the foreign field. He could not go the way he is but if God calls him, He will fix him up.

We went to see a neighbor who is in the hospital to-day and since Peter came back, he has copied out a beautiful poem that he thought she would like and mailed it to her. She will get it tomorrow. You see what the continual teaching, explaining, and example does. He sees things to be done, that would help others and make them happy and he does just that.

Now this week we had two guests from the coast for a couple of days and with the rush of going to the meetings each night, he did not have time to put on his long playing records of sacred music for them. Well, he said to these guests, "When you get home (Vancouver) put your radio on and I'll take these records down to the church and you will hear them." Now we have a public address system at our church and Peter thought all the time, the sermons etcetera went over the air. "Well," I said to him in their hearing, "Peter you are a bit muddled." And he replied, "I believe I am." He thought all along since we've had the public address system that everything went over the air. So we got that explained to him.

You see he has gotten to the place where he knows when he is not clear in his statements. So of course when occasion arises everything is explained thoroughly and he gets the knowledge that he should have had by observation. But when he has gotten it, he has it for good. Later adolescence, but he's getting there. His case does remind one of the tortoise and the hare. One day Peter will have caught up. Yes he will. And one day God will perfect that which concerneth Peter.

The other day I noticed a handle off a kitchen cup. Peter had twisted it off when drying it. Well, I told him not to twist so hard next time. Well, if you please, the next day he twisted a handle off a good china cup. That was the finish. I told him he would have to pay a dollar out of his own money to buy another cup and saucer. The cup was worth much more than that. When I went down town, I weakened a bit and bought a cup and saucer for twenty-nine cents. He paid me when I got home with thankfulness that was all he lost. No more handles off cups. He has very strong fingers and it certainly would have become a bad habit if I had not checked it on time. Now mothers if you are the type that spoils your normal children, you will never get to first base with the retarded one.

This morning Peter was a bit grumpy and after family prayers said, "I know what is wrong. I hurried down to my piano practice and did not read the Bible." Then I inquired, "And did you forget to pray?" "Yes mom." So he went up to his room and got that fixed up.

In case you have forgotten, Peter was born a Mongoloid. And what he says and does would not be worth mentioning for a young man twenty-two. Of course it would be commendable for all young men twenty-two to read their Bibles and pray before they leave their rooms in the morning. They would get a blessing indeed. I have heard of folks who call themselves christians and never open their Bibles.

As I said before Peter has his own corner by the dining room window. His dad has his place in the opposite corner and I have mine by the fireplace. With Peter it is, "My own corner, my table, my chair, the books on my table etcetera." When he can't find anything, he is just like his dad. He cries, "Mother what did you do with my (whatever it is that he can't find)?" I have told them both that I do not touch their belongings (only to dust). It is a nice feeling to be able to blame some one for losing things. It takes the edge off the annoyance of not finding it. We soon find these things working to-gether.

I have a black bengaline shower coat. Whenever I wear it Peter starts to sing, "Ave Maria." Or he'll say, "Hello nun." He just hates this coat but I am not throwing it away because of his dislike for it. My husband does not like it either. Perhaps I'll get rid of it next summer. Such a nice coat!

This morning Peter was slow getting down. His father was making the coffee preparatory to bringing up a cup for me. I called to Peter from my room, "Hurry Peter, you should be down." He replied, over the third floor bannister, "Take time to be holy (longer at devotions evidently) the world rushes on." I told him that was true but it wouldn't hurt to hurry a bit after he had his devotions. "That's right mother." And away he ran down stairs to bring up my cup of coffee. He is never stuck for an answer.

The last month or so, Peter has been reading a whole chapter of the Bible

morning and night. He says he is going to read the Bible through for himself. And he reads it out loud so he can take it in. We all know that if we read out loud, our minds must concentrate. So I praise the Lord that Peter is doing this on his own. God is teaching him in his own way. Peter has memorized Psalm 119:9 and is taking it literally. "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to thy word."

Peter is very fussy about sticking to his routine. The other day his dad needed him in the garage. Peter grumbled because he had to stop what he was doing. I said to him, "Don't let anything tie you down so much that you can't do your duty." Obeying his father and giving him a helping hand was first and routine was second. I think I got it into his head especially when his routine work was not a matter of life and death.

Recently I said to Peter, "What do you do at Young People's? Why go?" I felt maybe he was getting nothing and as he had no obligations, he might as well stay home. He just loves going and retaliated, "Well I can at least take in the message." I concluded that repetition of good things will have its effect later on. So he continues to go to Young People's meetings.

I have been praying so much of late that God will do as He said to me years ago when He gave me the promise, "Call unto me and I will answer thee and show thee great and mighty things which thou knowest not." Jeremiah 33:3. I keep reminding my heavenly Father, "Things which thou knowest not," should be happening to our Peter if he is going to get out in the Lord's work while he is young. A visiting minister at our church not long ago told us that we should use argumentative prayer. Like this, "Now Lord you gave me that promise all those years ago. It is time that it is fulfilled. Answer as thou hast promised. Thank you Lord." God grant that it will be soon.

Peter writes his diary concieniously every night. He used to write his diary the next morning but he has learned that it is easier to remember the happenings of the day, before he retires at night.

CHAPTER 19

Not A Fool.

One Saturday in October the weight of his handicap suddenly hit him so badly that Peter broke down and cried and moaned, "What good am I?" I tried to cheer him and said that we would go down in the evening and see a neighbor that is very fond of him. "If I am a fool, there's no use." But she does not think you are a fool. Then he said, "Well am I alright?" I had to say, "Can you get a job? Can you go to Bible school?" He just broke. I felt so sorry for him. So we claimed to-gether the last part of John 16:23, Verily verily I say unto you, whatsoever ye ask the Father in my name, He will give it you." Of course we asked for full healing for Peter's brain.

How I cried to the Lord that night every time I woke up and claimed that verse. And we are still claiming it and God will answer in his own time. Poor Peter.!

Peter has always had his eyes on some female ever since he has been eighteen, or so. One time in his middle teens, it was a middle aged good looking woman. That passed off. He always sees the pretty ones. One time it was a married woman with two children. He was always saying, "Isn't Mrs. ----- pretty mother? Oh my! She is pretty." We had to continually tell him to keep his eyes off married people. And that a woman with two children was not a girl to be admired by a single fellow. "But she is a girl mother. She looks so young." Then he got his eyes on a pretty girl twelve. And it was the same thing. Of course he never said anything to these folks (I am thankful to say) just gazed at them as they went by but he would talk to me about them all the time. Then it was a girl his own age. He even went as far as to say hello to her. And she always answered, "Hello Peter." And now it is a girl (pretty too) about eighteen. She happens to take the same bus to Young People's and is very kind to him. He introduced me to her after church one Sunday and she said, "Oh he remembers my name." If you please he has got her address so he can send her a valentine. Of course the more normal he gets the more this sort of thing will come to the fore. My older son had quite a number of girls before he got the right one.

There is a toboggan party for the young people on Friday night. He has found out what it costs and he has his money in his pocket to pay the president to-night. He has been to one before and he got home alive nearly one o'clock in the morning. Isn't it marvelous that he can go out and look after himself when you think of what he was?

Peter wanted to go to the neighbor's last night and look at television. This neighbor is the widow lady that I have mentioned before and she would make him welcome. But I said to him, "Peter you were out Monday night and we go to prayer meeting Wednesday night and you are going tobogganing Friday. That is enough for one week." He quickly replied, "When those two boys roomed with us, they were out every night." See how it is slowly coming, being natural, I mean?

To-day Peter wrote two letters on his own. One to his aunt Beth thanking her for a home knit pair of socks. And the other one to Tommy Hunter show on the radio. Again quite a natural thing to do. He's not a fool.

Last week we house cleaned his room. His dad fixed up a desk for him in his

room so Peter was thrilled to work in his study as he calls it. At first we could scarcely get him down for meals. He has all his study books up there and feels quite important. His dad has a desk in his room. Peter was thrilled to be the same as his dad. Previous to that he had his corner in the dining room (as I mentioned before). Now it gives me more room in the dining room.

It was really cute what happened about the valentine. Peter sent a lovely one to this girl (I picked it out for him). You know the one he had a crush on. When she saw him at the toboggan party, she hailed him with, "I got the valentine Peter from GUESS WHO. I knew it was you by your writing." She had seen his writing when she gave him her address.

And oh my, they had a wonderful time at the toboggan party. When some young fellow brought Peter home in his car that night, he jokingly said, "You should see ----- (the girl) home." That has never dawned on him yet. When it does he will be up to par.

He is still sawing heavy logs for exercise. And by the bye, he's learned the difference between a dull saw and a sharp one. He appreciates it being sharp after being dull so long. His dad just did not realize it was dull. He put the slow sawing down to Peter's awkwardness. His dad got it sharpened and now Peter understands the word APPRECIATION. He will be so glad when spring comes so as he can go on his bike. The winter project of sawing wood isn't what it is cracked up to be. Right now he's washing the supper dishes and singing away so happily.

Oh I must tell you what happened the other day when he was sawing logs. Previous to that his dad had told him not to whack the logs on the saw-horse when they were half sawn through. But as usual, Peter could not learn the easy way. This day he whacked the half sawn log on the saw-horse thinking it would break off. The large finger of his left hand somehow or other got underneath the log and the force of that bang loosened his nail and it was bleeding and swollen when he came in. The queer part of it was, he stayed there and suffered the pain until he got the log sawn through. Poor Peter! He won't do that again. Of course wherever he has gone since, he has received oodles of sympathy and he does enjoy that. "Whatever is wrong with your finger?" And then the whole story is repeated. A normal boy would have come right in after the accident but he wanted to get his job done and then when he came in he could revel in the sympathy a lot longer. We told him he should have come in at once and we did feel sorry for him. His dad bandaged it all up. This is one time when he really learned his lesson by the 'trial and success' method. (later he lost the nail).

Last night a prayer meeting the Young People's leader asked him to put the hymn books around and his bright reply of, "Gladly" made us feel proud of him. He is so anxious to help others. Most of the time there are so many about to do things that he is not needed. I know one day he will find his niche. God grant it.

Last Sunday when I heard one of the young ladies say to our Peter, "You'll be out to Young People's this afternoon Peter, won't you?" I was so pleased. You see they used to avoid him and now different ones will ask if he will be sure to be out. Do you understand what I am trying to get at? He's getting more normal and his presence in the meeting and after is not a nuisance. I am so glad I taught him the piano because after a light supper at the church, they sing around the piano and Peter does his share of playing hymns.

After playing a piece on the violin at Y.P. one Sunday afternoon, the accompanist came to his dad and said Peter was marvelous to play for and she hoped she'd be able to accompany him again.

CHAPTER 20

The Party.

Peter had been asking for a party for a long while. I was just afraid at this stage of the game no one would be interested enough in Peter to bother coming all the way out here. Faithless me! Well when we asked the different young people, they all thanked us and said they would come. Again I thought, "Maybe they will forget." Faithless me again! As it was near the 17th. of March, we called it a St. Patrick's party and had decorations and games in accordance with that date. Some could not come for good reasons but fifteen turned up. I always say, if we want fifteen, ask twenty-five. If you want ten to come, ask fifteen. That's true because something will always happen that they can't all come.

We had prearranged games with prizes, a singsong and oodles to eat. Young people love eating. Everything was home made, rolls, fresh brown bread and butter, platters of home cooked ham, baked sausages, inch length celery sticks stuffed with cheese, three kinds of pickles, mustard, hard boiled eggs halved, coconut cream layer cake, orange layer cake, a mixture of cookies and tarts, chocolates and nuts. Tea and coffee. They did enjoy the food.

After the games etcetera, Peter's dad read the scripture, gave a little talk on christian living and had prayer. I have never seen such a happy crowd and they could not thank Peter enough for asking them. God answers our prayers.

Peter got a real thrill out of being host to his friends last night. It took a lot of work getting the house arranged and to have it spic and span but it was worth all the trouble I went to. It was a delight to have a crowd of christian young people around. They are so sweet. Three of the girls gave me a helping hand with the serving and one who lives near stayed and helped me tidy up. Of course Peter had parties when he was a little boy but it is the first one since he has grown up and I hope it will not be the last.

Peter was very tired to-day. When I was asking him to think out a problem in arithmetic, he could not do it. Every day I am hoping that this may be the day when his brain will be normal. And to do arithmetic would surely be the sign that it was near. After having a sleep in the afternoon Peter said, "Mother ask me those questions again, I think my brain will function better now since my sleep." And it did but he has not landed yet.

Now we are getting ready for our program for the Old Folk's Home this week. Peter has no time to sit around and mope in a corner. His life is full.

I found this prayer tucked away in a book on his shelf, -

God put thy hand upon this list in Jesus' name.

Household of faith
Old and sick people
Nursing homes
Missionaries and their stations
Alliance activities (our church)
Things dealt with
Reeds) shut ins)
Us
This street
Young people
Hour of Decision
12:30 Broadcast
Camp
S.S. Class
Unsaved.
Jubilee Singers
Parents
Those in authority

I think if we all prayed and got under the burden like Peter a revival would break for sure. I remember when we were all under the burden for some of the things above (written out by Peter) back in the summer. I little thought that Peter was taking it so to heart. Since then the Reeds have been put in a nursing home and the church camp was a real success. We know God would do what was right with the rest of the list. Probably answered in due time as He always does.

Mothers keep your retarded one busy day in and day out and one day you will get your reward. It pays to take God at His word. Don't give up. If you feel sorry for yourself ask God to forgive you and ask for strength to hold on and He will not let you down.

The great burden of having a Mongoloid child can be compared to a big mountain. Now listen to this; in Mark 11:23, it says, "For verily I say unto you, that whatsoever shall say unto this mountain, be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea; and shall not doubt in his heart, but shall believe that those things which he saith shall come to pass; he shall have whatsoever he saith." Now our trouble is like a mountain, isn't it? So let's ask the Lord to cast this thing, that causes the trouble, into the sea for his glory. That is what I am doing. The Lord has his hands full of blessing for us if we ask and believe. I am even going so far as to ask the dear Lord to make my son above the average in every way for his glory.

And dear readers I pray that God will answer your prayer of faith. You see I am praying for you even now. Remember as you read this someone has been praying for you and take courage. And you in turn pray that Peter will go on and on in the path that the Lord has laid out for him. See how we can help each other!

I am not giving up. I am praying (and you pray too) that the research of this problem will soon be solved and our friends the doctors, with the application of this knowledge will be able to prevent children from being born Mongoloids. That will be the day. God says, "Open thy mouth wide and I will fill it." Psalm 81:101. I am asking for lots knowing full well that God will be pleased to answer.

A little paragraph of Peter's follows, -

What the Cross means to me.

I have a record that George Beverley Shea sings in, "The Hour of Decision," He bought my soul at Calvary.

There are many hymns and praises sung about Calvary at Easter time. The Cross means something to me. Those that call it a slaughter house religion make a terrible statement. I love the blood and without shedding of blood, there is no remission. Those that trample the blood are doomed for good. Without our cross, it would be dangerous for us so I'm glad and happy that Jesus died on the cross and shed his blood for me. We cannot go far wrong when we are covered with the blood. "The blood of Jesus Christ God's son cleanseth us from all sin." Another thing without Christ shedding his blood on the cross, there would be no such things as miracles. How true this is. We need the blood that was shed on the cross to cover us every day. I love the blood and the cross. It has a wonderful attraction for me.

Peter E. Gant.

CHAPTER 21

The Devil's Last Stab.

Last summer it came into our heads to ask the principal of a certain business college in the city, if he would consider taking a student below normal to learn typing. So Peter started to Business College. He went two and a half months. The principal said he was slow but was catching on quite well considering his handicap. It thrilled my heart to see him going out every morning at eight-thirty and back again for lunch and at it again in the afternoon.

They had his desk in a room all by himself and it must have been monotonous for him day after day. It was no different than lessons at home alone all the years.

We were hoping he would have been in a school room with others where he would have seen discipline enacted and naturally and normally he would have soon learned to do the right thing. He then would have been noticed when leaving the room and could have been checked immediately.

At that there were many things he had to learn about the run of the school and to remember his place with the principal and teachers. He had to be told not to be too familiar and to remember he was an ordinary student at the bottom of the line.

After he got used to the place, Peter began (alone so much) to find out all the nooks and crannies of the place. The men's cloak room, the coffee bar, wash room etcetera. As he'd meet young men there, teachers or students and found them smoking, he'd tell them what harm it would do to their bodies and also that one day their things would be burned on account of it. Of course one can readily understand how they would resent this kind of talk from one that was not even normal even

although in their hearts they could not help but know that the weed was filthy and harmful. They told him off and it did not make them like him any too well.

Well one day, he evidently went into the cloak room and finding matches in a pocket of a student mind you (never had ever stolen in his life before to our knowledge) and began lighting them and throwing them all over the place. Why he did this he does not know. And to go into someone's pocket was a thing he had never done before.

If that had been all that would have been the finish but the principal thought the boys had been careless and blamed the students. Well, a few days later, the teacher noticed that Peter was away from his desk far too long and reported it to the principal. The principal surprised, then went to the coffee bar and found Peter having a cup of coffee. He said, "Students are not supposed to be here during school hours." Peter went back to his desk.

The principal then smelled smoke and went to the men's cloak room and found one of the teacher's overcoats smouldering. After putting it out, he called the teacher and reprimanded him for being so careless with his cigarettes and matches. The teacher in turn told him that he had a lighter and that he did not use matches. Another coat was hanging there belonging to a student, so he was called. He admitted he had a package of matches but when he looked in his pocket, they were not there. So somebody had taken the matches and who else could it be but Peter? My husband was called down the next day and when he heard the story, he asked Peter right in front of the principal if he had been lighting matches there. He acknowledged that he had. He had even lighted the handkerchief hanging from the teacher's coat.

"Dear, dear!" said the principal, "that is arson." So of course that ended his business college days and broke our hearts. And I am just afraid the principal would not be so lenient in taking a subnormal student again. I would not blame him.

When we asked him why he did this, his reply was, "I don't know." And here I thought he was well on the way to recovery. When my husband and Peter came home and told me the whole thing, I felt the spirit say to me, "Say, Praise the Lord." I am sorry to say I felt so broken I just cried to the Lord and asked him, WHY. I am sorry I did not cry out, "Praise the Lord! The devil is a defeated foe." I asked the Lord to forgive me and I am praying that Peter will yet bring glory to his name and that he will not take the law in his own hands. This is the verse that the Lord gave me at that time, "Surely the wrath of man shall praise thee: the remainder of wrath shalt thou restrain." Psalm 76:10. I'm sure God means that He will not allow anything like that to happen again. And to think Peter always grumbled about lighting the gas oven in case he would burn his fingers. He has always been so good in telling me everything. What came over him, I do not know. He says himself, "I guess I went off my head for a few minutes."

When the Chinese university student (that boards with us) came home that night, we told him what Peter had done. I asked the lad if he would ever speak to Peter again. "I certainly will," said he, "I understand the situation," or words to that effect. Then he told us that he had made fires when he was younger and Peter was a little late lighting his. "All kids light fires sometime or other." He did make us feel a bit better.

Just the same I felt like hanging my head for shame every time people would

say to me, "How is Peter getting on in Business College?" And our reply would be, "Oh he has his own typewriter now and is getting up his speed at home." And I would pray, "Lord help me to say the right thing." How I wish it had been different.

Well, he had to pay seventy dollars for the coat. A good thing he had saved some each month out of his stipend. It was not a total loss for he being much shorter than the owner, I was able to make the burnt coat over and he has a beautiful coat for next spring. So that is something to be thankful for.

Since this happened he has bought a typewriter and is getting his speed up at home as I said before. When people say, "Is Peter still at business college?" We reply, "No, he is getting his speed up at home." I didn't have the heart to tell anybody what happened.

I think I was too proud of his going out every day and finding his way there and all. Yes, and buying and using a monthly pass on the bus. Poor Peter! What a set back!

Peter has bought ice skates this winter with money that was given him for Christmas and he says he is going to ^{use} master it. He could not skate in his teens. He goes every day in the lane (covered with frost and ice) and then with a friend on the rink Saturday nights. I like to see that determination. No, I have not given up.

Later. His ankles were so weak, he had to give up.

CHAPTER 22

Fixed Appointed Time.

Some months ago I was praying and agonizing for Peter's complete healing when it suddenly dawned on me that the Lord had given me many promises and still Peter was not one-hundred percent. That and with the let down of the Business College episode made me cry to the Lord and ask why his promises had not come to fruition.

Now on that certain day of the ²²month many years ago in July, I had gotten a promise that said, "There shall be ^aperformance." That was eighteen years ago. Well if you please, lower down on the page, there was another verse which said, "My words shall be fulfilled in their fixed appointed time." Luke 1:20. (Greek) I had not ~~not~~ noticed it then away back there. Now after all these years and all the promises he had given me, God gave me this verse. He saw to it that I did not notice it years ago but now He was ready to give it to me. "My words shall be fulfilled in their fixed appointed time." You can imagine how I felt. He was not only going to keep his promise but on a certain time it would happen. I just bowed my head and thanked the Lord and acknowledged that His way and time was best. That promise is from God, ruler of heaven and earth. He cannot lie and He does not break his word. His will be done.

I am waiting for God's timing that is exactly right. Ralph R. Bell says, "If we would hear well enough we must be close enough." Dear Lord help me to live close so as I can hear your time for Peter's healing.

Dear mothers I was hoping it would have happened before this book was published and I have waited over two years but God's time is not yet. I am still believing and Peter is still improving. Praise the Lord!

EPILOGUE. (mid-thirties)

The years have slipped away and the Lord has not seen fit to finish the work He began in Peter's brain many years ago. I would say he is a lot better but is not able to earn his living or to mix normally with hundred-per-centers. So I thought I should get this book finished anyway and relate the blessing that he is to me these days.

Sometimes I wonder if the Lord is going to take me home before he heals Peter. For heal him He will I know because He gave me the promise. That's why I say again I should get the book finished in case the Lord intends to heal him after I am gone, much and all as I would love to be here when it happens.

"So after he had patiently endured, he obtained the promise."

Hebrews 6:15.

"He that believeth shall not make haste." Isaiah 28:16b

Since the other part of the book was written, Peter's dad passed away very suddenly. But you know, he said long before he died that he would not be afraid to die and leave Peter as God would do what was right by him. I used to say, but I do not want to die and leave him to the mercy of the world. But now I feel the same as my husband did. If I am to be taken, God will certainly look after him.

Peter misses his dad even yet and over and over again says, "Oh I miss my dad. I wish I could talk to him; he was so good to me." He knows his dad is with the Lord and he will see him one day. He misses going out in the car with his dad. They were such good pals. No dad. No car.

Now I must tell you how Peter helps me around the house these days. He gets the breakfast going before I get down in the morning. He makes the porridge, cooks the eggs, puts the juice on, grinds the coffee and has the kettle boiling ready for me to steep it. The lodger is still here that was here before my husband died so there are three of us to look after.

How often I say, "I could not do without you Peter." He cuts the grass in summer and shovels the snow in winter. Right after breakfast, we have family prayers. Then he plays a hymn on the piano or on his little electric organ. A Bible verse is read from a scripture calendar on the way to the kitchen. I get a lift from this too. At the present time he dries the dishes every meal. Wednesday is always garbage day. Out he goes with the garbage to the lane and sometimes there are boxes and boxes of it. "O.K. mother that is done."

Oh, Oh, letters to post and oh yes run to the store around the corner and get (this time it is) a ten pound bag of sugar. I write it out on paper. He reads it and not the store owner. Home he comes. How much was it? He doesn't know. So I look in the purse, count the change and then I know what it costs. Money has no interest whatsoever to him so we trust the store owners and they do the right thing

by him. Then he practices on his three instruments, piano, trumpet and violin. By that time the morning is gone.

Before we have our lunch on the table, quite often a neighbor 'phones, "Could Peter get me a quart of milk and oh yes is he going to the letter box to-day," Of course, I have letters to post and he will come and get yours right away and get the milk too. Peter is always glad to do a kindness and this neighbor is good to us in many ways as I mentioned in my book, "Daily From My Heart To Yours."

Every day is a busy day. Peter peels the potatoes when we have company. Must have a peeler though. I do them every other day because we just need one big one or two small ones. Now it is fall. He cuts up the rhubarb for preserving. Puts the crab apples through the vegetable press for apple butter. Separates the seeds from the skin of the grapes for canning (seeds go to the bottom when boiled with pulp in a little hot water). He has already dug up the earth for seeding in the spring, even if he did dig up some of my ferns. It doesn't matter, next year he'll remember to go round them I hope. . . I told him about it.

Excuse me a minute. I must tell you this one. This morning Peter said he had had a dream holding a gun. He thought if it goes off there might be a ricochet. But he said it was not loaded. "Whatever do you mean by ricochet?" said I. Oh boomerang, retrieve. ~~He~~ continued, "Where did you get that word," From dad. Now think of that, his dad has been gone for five years and he remembered those words. His father was wonderful on words and it looks as if he might take after him.

Now while I am at it, before I forget, I must tell you this one. Tuesday all day he kept telling me he was going to stay up to hear the Canadian Symphony Orchestra on the T.V. at 9:30 at night. "Where did you get that idea?" said I. It is in the T.V. Guide. "Well, won't you be too tired to stay up that late?" (he's always tired by eight o'clock). No I want to see and hear the different instruments and I hope they will have a harp. I went to bed. Up he came at ten o'clock crying, it is over and it was wonderful but no harp.. "Was it worthwhile?" I queried. It sure was mother. Oh, if he had only had that interest at fifteen. But God knows all about it and he is waking up now. "Not my will but thine bedone, dear Lord." How glad I am that I taught him to read and love music years ago.

"God is faithful. God is working, only wait."

Now to continue how he helps me. True he dries the dishes every meal but he persists in placing them all over the kitchen table. I've told him again and again to put saucers on saucers, plates on plates according to their size. Knives with knives, forks with forks and spoons with spoons according to their size. Now I realize, what's the difference. He dries them even when I have a crowd and I am very thankful, I can soon separate them out. As he does the dishes, he keeps saying how good the meal was. He never says I don't like this and I don't like that. Of course he prefers pie to pudding, what boy doesn't?

His arithmetic? Terrific. The mathematical wire up in his brain is surely missing or twisted. I wonder if all Mongoloids are like my Peter. With all he knows and does not know, unless the Lord touches him, he cannot contribute to the betterment of the world or rather mix with people. People will not chum up with the like because they cannot react normally. Nothing will make them normal but the Lord Jesus Christ himself. It is a lonely life for the poor Mongoloid. Try to be good to them and try to understand them. They are very slow thinkers. Listen

patiently and draw them out and you might get to like them.

Another thing about my retarded son, he never puts his music away. He knows where it goes because when he does his practice, he knows where to find it. Just where I have put it, (in the piano bench). Again I say I'm so glad he can play these instruments so I put the music away. I tell him he is an adult now and should not act like a child. I have repeatedly quoted, "When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things. 1 Corinthians 13:11."

His reaction when I am not feeling well is excellent. Last night I had quite a sick turn, a touch of flu going around I think. Suddenly I began to vomit and then I could not collect my thoughts. I was called to the 'phone and I don't remember one word that I said. Even at that I had enough wit left to think maybe I had a stroke. Peter wondered what was wrong and finally insisted that I go to bed which I did. This morning, Peter in his house coat, knocked at my door, came in and asked if I were alright. "Oh I was so worried about you. You kept repeating yourself last night. And mother I have been praying for you so much."

"Well now that is why I feel so much better, God answers prayer." Then he kissed me and said he could not do without me and I said the same to him. You see God knows what He is doing about Peter. If he were right in his mind, he would probably have been married and away. God has him wise enough to be a great help and inspiration to me; yet not wise enough to be on his own. With a grateful heart I say, "Thy will be done."

Do you know I have his firm arm to lean on going up the street? And his hand stretched out at the bottom of the steps to help me off the bus. And indeed as well, if our bus is waiting and I can't hurry to get there, Peter runs like a deer and pleads, "Please wait for my mother." Isn't it wonderful what God has done for him? And what He's doing for me. I don't deserve it.

You'll think it queer when I tell you that Peter does not go to the barber anymore. The reason? The barber persisted in cutting his hair like an eight year old. I sent a clipping up once that I had cut out of the paper. Peter told him that was exactly how he wanted it done. He did it like that a few times then reverted back to the old way. Of course Peter doesn't worry about things like that but I say there is no good in enhancing the look of his condition with a childish hair cut. Now the style is long, I trim it and keep it curled myself and he does look nice. I wouldn't think of allowing him to have hair as long as the hippies. NO. NO. You see I still have to take charge of his grooming. Also lay out his clothes and decide what he is to wear. He would not care if he had to go in rags. But one day I'm sure that will change in answer to believing prayer.

Peter must have been feeling very badly for himself because the other day, I found the following lines in his writing pad, -

Help me to relate incidences

Help me to explain myself

Help me to express myself

Help me to be explicit

O Lord do I know people in the outside world

Help me to discuss things

Give me the power of utterance

Help me to listen lots
Cause the Holy Spirit to speak through me

And over the page this one, -

I believe God wants me to pray.
I have a daily personal prayer life.
I have a regular plan of prayer.
I ask God for things that will bring glory to Him.
Dear Lord please cleanse and wash me in thy blood and please do all you
can for me and please do more for me every day and heal me. And thou
art everything to me.

As I prayed to the Lord year in and year out, Bible promises were continually
given to me, not only directly from the Bible but some from, "Streams of the
Desert," and many other sources. The Lord has many ways of leading one to a
verse for comfort and strength. As I beseeched the Lord many times in desperation,
He comforted my soul again and again.

Here are some verses that I remember, -

There shall be a performance. Luke 1:45 (b) (the above verse after praying
for four hours for the Lord to loosen the string of his tongue. He did.)
Thine expectation shall not be cut off. Proverbs 24:14 (c) That it might
be fulfilled which was spoken by Esaias the prophet, saying, Himself took
our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses. Matthew 8:17.
All came to pass. Joshua 21:45 (b)
Therefore I say unto you whatsoever things ye desire when ye pray, believe
that ye receive them and ye shall have them. Mark 11:24.
But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise;
and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things
which are mighty. 1 Corinthians 1:27.
Above all taking the shield of faith wherewith ye shall be able to quench
all the fiery darts of the wicked. Ephesians 6:16.
Howbeit this kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting. Matthew 17:21.
All things are possible to him that believeth. Mark 9:23 (b)
I have heard thy prayer and seen thy tears. Isaiah 38:5 (b)

There were many many more and all of them have become precious to me.

Young people are frustrated to-day because they can't see what life is all about.
When they get to know the Lord as their own personal Saviour, things change and
they go on sensibly from there. Peter is sometimes frustrated, not because he
doesn't know the Lord but because he cannot be accepted with ordinary young
people because of this lack in his brain. He wants to and yet he knows they would
not listen to a retarded young man that sounds as if he is off the beam. It is one
thing to be laughed at if one is normal in witnessing for the Lord but quite another
when one is laughed at and ridiculed because of his mental deficiency. It worries
me far more than it worries him.

Change the subject. I hear you say O.K.

Peter has never seen potatoes grow. On the first of June I got him to dig the

ground between the back fence and the lane. I was right there seeing that he pushed the spade deep enough. It was a bit late to plant potatoes but I thought we'd get some little ones anyway in the fall. Next, I made some holes with a broom handle in the soft earth and pushed a tiny potato in each hole. In September I got him to dig up the potatoes. You should have heard him. He thought it was marvelous to get so many potatoes from each plant. They were such a shiny red. I got a surprise myself for it was years since I had seen new potatoes on the farm. He even picked ones the size of marbles. Now wasn't that better than weeds growing back there? I have taught him many things but it never occurred to me to teach him to garden. I know very little of gardening myself anyway.

One thing I remember on the farm was that my father always planted the potatoes on a patch of ground where the wheat wasn't so good. The next year a bumper crop would come up from that spot. We used to grow about a hundred bags of potatoes and with thirteen children that was not too many. (90 pound bags of course). We as children had to fill the pails after the potatoes were ploughed up and then fill the sacks. After that the boys would drive the waggon around and pick them up. This little bit of olden days won't cost you any extra.

Every year or year and a half, Peter goes deaf. The wax in his ears gets harder and harder and it does not fall out like normal people. I asked the doctor why this was and the reply was, ABNORMALITY. Oh dear there it goes again the usual answer. And the sad part of it is when he is deaf, he seems to go down mentally. Queer isn't it? When this happens, warm oil is inserted into the ear for three consecutive nights before we go to the doctor. (doctor's orders) Then the wax is soft and the doctor soon syringes it out with warm water. Peter is just like a new person after that.

Peter has an awful time with a white scaly substance on his head. Some would say it is an extra dose of dandruff but not so. It is something like eczema. It has been one big fight all his life to keep it down. When the doctor was asked why, the same answer--his condition. We get so tired of the same answer. Why blame every little ailment on his condition? Surely some of his ailments are natural to everybody. A neighbor who was a hair dresser before she was married suggested Baby Oil. So I pour it on and rub it in two or three times a week and soak his head with it. That really keeps it down. If this is neglected, it is back again full force. When his dad was alive, he occasionally took the clippers and took all his hair off and without hair it disappeared. When the hair grew in to a certain length back it came.

If life went on the way it is now, we have no complaints. But I know it is not normal life for a young man over thirty. Our days are full to overflowing and we do try to do everything as unto the Lord; but knowing life as I do, things cannot go on this way. The time will come when the Lord will take me home and then Peter will have to adjust to a new way of life. We are both looking for the Lord to come any day and if that happens what more could we wish? On the other hand He may not come for some time, we do not know. I would not be a bit surprised if the Lord would finish the healing the minute I am taken out. Or He might heal him any day now. He is able and I know He is going to sometime.

Perhaps by what I have written you might think Peter is a perfect christian. No one is perfect and least of all ME. There is never a day goes by but what I have to ask the Lord to forgive me for something. Peter has his teasing times,

his grumbling times and tantalizing times and even criticism of the lodger etcetera. At breakfast seems to be his worst time, a sort of negative attitude to everything except me. If anybody dies that he knows, he then talks about everybody he remembers that died. Then he'll get started talking about false cults. Why do they believe this or that. Or unsaved folks playing games on Sunday and not going to church and keeping the first day of the week the way the Lord would have us keep it. I have to remind him to stop worrying about the false cults and the failures of others and to start praising the Lord that He saved his soul. After breakfast, he is just fine. Queer, isn't it? He's wonderful to me. Even this morning before breakfast Peter put his arm around my neck and asked me if I felt alright and lovingly said he hoped the Lord would leave me here for a long time. No normal son could show more love to his mother than Peter does to me. I am grateful indeed. When these things come up that irks him I tell him to look out the window and see the beautiful sunshine and praise God, "that you can see it and enjoy it." "Pray for the unsaved if you are feeling badly for what they are doing. And please dear, stop grumbling at the lodger because he doesn't drink all his water, or because he doesn't say, excuse me, when he riffs up gas or coughs at the table."

Sometimes during the above, I run to the kitchen with a prayer on my lips, "Oh Lord rebuke the devil, he's trying to spoil our day." Peter doesn't realize it. When I come back, "Sorry mom I was grumpy." All is beautiful again.

Other times I have quoted from the Bible, "For every idle word that man shall speak, they shall give an account in the day of judgement." Matthew 12:36 (b) Also, "For by thy words thou shalt be justified and by thy word thou shalt be condemned." Matthew 12:37. His reply is, OH DEAR!

When I think of the mothers that have teenage sons and older unmarried sons taking drugs and drinking liquor, not believing in God and breaking their mother's hearts, what have I to complain about? On the whole Peter is a good christian. But while I am here my job is to explain, admonish and to help him all I can with the Lord's help. And I know it will work out for the best. "Dear Lord help me to be a stepping stone and not a stumbling block for Peter."

You know life is beautiful. It is so nice and quiet here all afternoon. Right after lunch Peter shaves (sometimes very badly) and dresses for the afternoon. Then he goes up to his little den on the third floor and writes (long hand), reads and listens to his records and believe me he has a host of them. In the summer he gets exercise on his bike.

How I wish Peter could relate incidents clearly. He repeats a portion of what happened. Just a few words say, and he expects me to know what it is all about. Out of the blue, he will say, THE SAXAPHONE mother. Will you ever forget the saxophone? "What saxophone?" You know the one we heard when we went to see Mrs. McCan in the hospital. At that time the Shriners were playing for the hospital folks that could not be brought outside but were pushed to the windows that day. The SAXAPHONE! Wasn't it wonderful mother? "Oh yes uh huh." (I did not like it a bit). When he keeps on and on about the same thing over and over again, I just say, "Cracked record." He laughs, sees the joke and that is the end of it. Sometimes he brings up something that happened long ago with one word and I have not a clue as to what he is driving at. After lots of probing at last I catch on. And so the days pass by.

As I mentioned in my book ONE OF THOSE Peter, from a tiny child has a mania

for parades. Now that the walkathons are all the go, he'd be thrilled to tag along but his limit is two miles. We have done that and he was as worn out as I. He looks in the paper every night to see if there is a parade and if he can't see it on the T.V. he begs me to go with him to see the start or the finish of it.

You will certainly say variety is the spice of life when you read these paragraphs on Peter. Well here is something different. Peter is a good speller. Just for fun to-day after supper I asked him to spell these few words, assassination, belief, receive substance, diarrhoea, avoirdupois. He did them all perfectly but avoirdupois, he forgot that one. At my age I forget how to spell lots of words especially if it is ei or ie in a word. So I ask him to spell it for me. He gives me the right answer every time. A Mongoloid remember! What got me started on this was, I saw in the newspaper to-night, **FOUR WAYS TO TEACH A CHILD TO SPELL**. I wonder how they would tell us to teach a retarded child to spell.

While I am on the subject I must tell you this one that I was taught as a child in school. Two words can always be spelled right. Believe and receive. Just think of the word lice. I comes after L and E after C. Rather crude but I always remembered those two.

After we had had the spelling test, I mentioned to Peter the word **FAST** which has five meanings and is spelled the same way.

1. Tie the horse **fast**.
2. A **fast** woman.
3. A **fast** color.
4. Run **fast**.

Then I said to Peter I cannot think of the fifth. Suddenly he excitedly expostulated, "Hi, **fast**--- to do without food. Good for you Peter. That is our fifth.

Now you mothers of Mongoloids, tell me, do you have this trouble? If I put a sheet on Peter's bed that is a bit thin, or if his pyjamas are well worn or pillow cases with a tiny mend, goodbye, all is soon ready for the rag bag. The tons of rags (metaphorically speaking) that I have around here because of that and of course the things that wear out naturally. Surely there is a place for those rags. Years ago they used to come around to the back door and collect rags and give a dime a sack for them, but not anymore. I have to watch what serviettes I give old Peter or after a couple of meals, rag bag. People say **NERVES**, he can't help it. Maybe so. Oh well it keeps me busy. I do remember now when I think of it of a child clever in school but who continually rubbed the same spot on the crown of her head until there was a bald spot as big as a five cent piece. There you have it in a normal child. **NERVES**. What else can I expect from a Mongoloid?

Even at this late stage of the game, I find little wound up bits of paper on the living room floor. Bits from the newspaper or the jacket of the books that he has been reading are sprinkled in front of his chair. Again nerves, they say. Quite often I make him stoop and pick them up. He obeys, but the next night they are there again just like little white worms on the rug. I say, "You bad egg Peter, look at those specks." He smiles and I smile back. There are some things these kind of folks never learn. I used to get cross and scold but it only made us all unhappy. I have decided that if that is all I have to put up with, why make a commotion.

Another thing, that rascal never puts his shoes on the shoe rack. I've told him

so often but it is just like water running off a duck's back. I want his room tidy so as I pass by, I do it. Don't tell anybody but he has never put his shoe trees in his shoes either. So foolish mother does that too so as they'll keep their shape. Peter makes his bed every morning true but it is not smooth so I slip in on my way downstairs and pull the bedding straight and even. He is none the wiser. He does so much other work for me that I don't mind. Peter doesn't make a good job of cleaning the bath either. Although it is supposed to be done, I give it another lick and say nothing. Men don't like washing the bath and I don't blame them.

Many normal men are very untidy about hanging up their things and putting their shoes away etcetera. I remember my good husband leaving a pair of shoes under the gas stove and asking if I'd mind, so I agreed. Then another pair of shoes were under there. I said O.K. Then please a third pair and would you believe it a fourth. That's where I exploded. "I am not going to clean around all those shoes." So you see Peter comes by it naturally. I'd rather see them lined up under the bed with the spread hanging down so as they could not be seen. But as for putting them in the wardrobe in the shoe trees. UH! UH! I am afraid mine are not always put away now. We do get lazy as we get older. When company is expected, SWISH! Into the wardrobe they go in a hurry.

Oh I must tell you this one. Yesterday we were out with a friend who is a big brother to Peter and like a son to me. While we were eating at a lunch counter, a lady passed by with a mongoloid son about ten years of age. His mouth hanging wide open and of course almond shaped eyes. From the back a fine sturdy little fellow. Suddenly I remembered Peter used to have his mouth open like that. In church or in the street car, we would whisper FIRME LA BOUCHE. He had taken a bit of French and knew what we meant. It was a constant FIRME LA BOUCHE in those days. We finally cut it down to bouche. I don't remember when the Lord healed him of that but heal him He did. Seeing that little boy brought home afresh what God had done for Peter. Praise his Name! I think I mentioned the bouche stuff earlier in the book but it will stand repeating.

One of the reasons heaven pours out a blessing on Peter is that Peter tithes every dollar he receives, stipend, gifts and all. Malachi 3:10 says, "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it." The unregenerate world would not believe that he could get along on so little. His mother tithes too and gets along on very little, but when God is in it it is a lot. When we tithe it just does not figure mathematically. Peter has a little metal box where his church money goes. I help him to fix it up because as I've mentioned before, he cannot figure out what he owes the Lord. By my doing it for him, he gets the blessing. You can imagine what a little bit he gets every month to live on and giving me some towards the grocery bill too. And yet he can always lend me a dollar if need be. God is no man's debtor and He does for Peter exactly what He says He will do in his word. "And not to leave the other undone (the tithe)." Matthew 23:23 (c).

Just so that you can compare your Mongoloid's actions with mine, listen to this queer episode that always happens to Peter when he drinks a cup of liquid (tea coffee milk) at night, before going to bed. He gives one blood curdling cry in the early morning. After that, he's wakened and goes to the wash room. He says he is always being attacked by a brutal man or a vicious animal. Queer that he

doesn't wake up and go to the wash room naturally. Any one hearing the sound would think he was being killed. Did I mention this earlier, Well anyway it still happens.

You know on Sunday^S Peter just loves going to church. He gets up first, puts his dressing gown on and shaves before breakfast. If he shaves badly, back up he has to go and shave over again. This happens often. After he comes down he sits right up to the table as it is my job to serve and get breakfast on Sunday^S. He loves the quietness of the Lord's day and never sees any unnecessary work being done in this house; and no newspapers or secular magazines about. The first day of the week is a beautiful day of rest and meditation in our home.

A Sabbath well spent
Brings a week of content;
And health for the toils of to-morrow.
But a Sabbath profaned,
Whate'er may be gained
Is a certain forerunner of sorrow.
(Learned by a friend at the Salvation Army)

Well, I think I have told you all of Peter's faults, failings and virtues and now it is time to bring this little book to a close.

Cheer up mothers. Look around you and see ^{if} things could not be a lot worse. Lean hard on the Lord and He will give you a sense of happiness and contentment past finding out. Life is short even at the longest and someday we'll know the reason why these things have come to us.

Casting all your care upon Him for He careth for you. / Peter 5:7.

